

THE LIVING AGE.

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Vol. CCXXXIII.

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FROM BEGINNING
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VOYAGE OF THE "VALDIVIA."*

Latest of the ocean-ranging deep-sea searchers, the German steamer *Valdivia*, within nine months from Hamburg to Hamburg, carried out an exploring voyage of 32,000 knots. The enterprise was begun with frank recognition of all that had been done by the *Challenger* and other famous vessels hailing from almost every civilized country that possesses a sea-board. In testimony of this the experience of Sir John Murray was eagerly consulted and warmly acknowledged. The trawls, the dredges, the nets, the lines, the sounding-machines, the mud-tubes, the thermometers, the water-bottles, were procured of the most approved patterns, quite without respect to their having been made in Germany, France, England, America or elsewhere. The only thing considered was that the apparatus should be the best for the intended purpose—for sounding the ocean, taking its temperature at all depths, testing its transparency from the surface downwards, finding out whether such organisms as bacteria can live in its abyssal depths, and capturing creatures wherever there are creatures to be captured. To the last of these ob-

jects the perfection of instruments was of the first importance, as shall presently be explained. In order to practise their 'prentice hands on classic ground, the naturalists of the *Valdivia*, confessedly by no means seamen to the manner born, directed their course first to the Farös, with a pleasant remembrance of Sir Wyville Thomson's work in that region. Taking Edinburgh on their way they had a foretaste of the impressive experiences which strange islands were frequently to yield them, for, as they drew nigh to the land, we are told that they descried the natives on the strand practising on its grassy slopes their national game of "goalf." From the stormy North Sea, with its strange contrasts of temperature and copious variety of marine organisms, the vessel breasted the waves, the angry waves, past the west coast of Ireland and past Gibraltar in direct southward course to the Canary Islands. Thence a more zig-zagging track was followed from Cape Bojador to the Cape Verde Islands, and across three great alternating streams, namely, the Guinea current which flows from west to east, and

* "Aus den Tiefen des Weltmeeres." Von Carl Chun. Schilderungen von der deutschen Tiefsee-Expedition. Mit 6 Chromolithograph-

ien, 8 Heliogravüren, 32 als Tafeln gedruckten Vollbildern, 2 Karten und 390 Abbildungen im Text. Jena: Gustav Fischer. 1900.

on either side of it the westward-moving north and south equatorial currents. Halts were made at Victoria in the Cameroons, at the mouth of the Congo, and at Great Fish Bay, on the way to the Cape of Good Hope and the Agulhas Bank. From Cape Town the *Valdivia* pursued her adventurous track southward to Bouvet Island, thence eastward over very considerable depths to latitude 64 deg. 10 min. 3 sec. S., not far from the glacial Enderby Land. Then, escaping from the perils of floating ice and surrounding icebergs, she laid her course northwards to Kerguelen and onward to St. Paul and New Amsterdam, two morsels of land in lonely companionship between the far-off Australia and Africa to the right and left, and between the great Southern and Indian Oceans to the south and the north. From these points, steadily pursuing its special objects on the way, the expedition traversed warmer and warmer seas to the Cocos or Keeling Islands and the fascinating islets off the west coast of Sumatra, "baskets of flowers afloat," as we read that they have been poetically called. Long the explorers lingered among the treasures terrestrial and marine of this fairyland, till sated with wonders, almost overwhelmed with rare specimens and new species, their minds crowded with facts and problems and memories of bewitching scenery, they sped across the Bay of Bengal to Ceylon, and by the Maldives, the Chagos group, and the Seychelles to Somaliland on the east coast of Africa. Finally they hastened homeward through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to the goal whence they had started.

The genial and agreeable record of the voyage, which Professor Chun has made equally attractive to the scientific and the general reader, will also beyond doubt be gratifying to the patriotic sentiment of Germany. A kind of international competition in explor-

ing deep waters has been active for some thirty or forty years. The latest to engage in the research, though usefully warned by earlier mistakes and profiting by improvements in methods and machinery, might easily have found themselves severely handicapped by the mere fact of their bringing up the rear. They might only have had to tell over again a twice-told tale. Absolute freshness and novelty in the results could scarcely be expected; but there was also the risk that these might only prove a disappointing repetition of other men's achievements, a meagre gleanings after an exhaustively garnered harvest. Nothing of this kind has happened. Enterprise, endurance, well-instructed enthusiasm in all the members of the expedition, and an admirable oneness of mind between its scientific leader and the skilful captain of the ship, have impressed on the voyage of the *Valdivia* a stamp of originality. The conclusion may be drawn that as in earlier expeditions than this such characteristics had their reward, so in others still to come they may expect it. Though the globe is small, Nature is large, and in spite of all that has been recently done, we shall assuredly still leave a good sheaf of mysteries for the ambition of posterity to thresh out.

On leaving the Cape, as we have seen, the *Valdivia* was southward bound. There was no question of reaching the south pole, or going anywhere near it. And yet the explorers were bent on a bold scheme of discovery. To understand this the reader should kindle his imagination by the idea of some romantic endeavor in our own hemisphere. Let him conceive of a well-appointed steamer starting from the Straits of Gibraltar and attempting to pick up an obscure point like Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire. The journey northward, so far as latitudes are concerned, would fairly correspond

with the journey southward between the Cape and that Bouvet Island which the *Valdivia* was desirous of reaching. To any who may therefore think that this should be as easy to hit as our own little picturesque seaport, it must be explained that the land called after Lozier Bouvet, who discovered it in 1739, had subsequently many times been sought for in vain. Captain Cook could not find it in the eighteenth century, nor Sir James Clark Ross in the nineteenth. Moore was unsuccessful in 1845. Consequently, just as Dickens's Betsy Prig expressed her conviction about her friend's often-quoted, but never forthcoming, Mrs. Harris, that "there never was no such person," so geographers were disposed to believe that Bouvet Island was nothing but a snow-wraith or a melting berg, one of those phantom lands not unfamiliar in Antarctic records. Professor Chun, however, recognizes that Lindsay and Norris, in the service of the Enderbys, had confirmed the existence of the island or islands in 1808 and 1825, and that on one of them Norris landed a party of men, who by stormy weather were compelled to stay there nearly a week. But it ought also to be mentioned that Sir James Ross, on hearing of this occurrence from Mr. Enderby, relinquished the scepticism which his own failure to find the group had previously engendered. In fact, as reported by the navigating officer, Walter Sachse,¹ the *Valdivia* tried all the recorded positions without success, and, as a last resource, steered for a point which represented the mean of the earlier observations. This course brought them, not indeed to any welcoming shore, but to an indubitable mass of land. Whether this realizes all the previously named islands or not, its own position is settled with exactness, its relation to the surrounding

depths is determined, and other features are displayed which invest it with considerable interest, and also help to account for the veil of vagueness in which it has been so long enshrouded. Though the Antarctic circle is drawn at 66 deg. 30 min. south, this island so remote from inclusion within that circle, is to all intents and purposes Antarctic. It is a small thing to say that it is capped with snow. The snow-line descends to the sea-level. Not only are glaciers conspicuous, but most parts of the coast are barricaded against intruders by steep cliffs of ice. Fogs are frequent. The sea round about the island runs so high that landing is often impossible and perhaps always hazardous, while, as experience has shown, re-embarkation may be exposed to very disagreeable chances. It proved in the sequel that the sea temperature was higher off Enderby Land close to the Antarctic circle than it was in the vicinity of Bouvet Island. The difference is accounted for by a tongue of glacial water, in the one case thrust northward, and by a warm current in the other case flowing southward. In this outpost of the southern ice, however accurately its position has been ascertained, there are few attractions either for pleasure seekers or commerce. But for the naturalist the surrounding sea is full of riches and novelty, just as the *Challenger* and other exploring vessels have found it to be at Kerguelen, which was also visited by the *Valdivia*. The force of contrast, by which all human emotions are so strongly influenced, is well illustrated in respect to the island just mentioned. Most expeditions approach it from the north, and find it almost inexpressibly bleak and forbidding; but, as Professor Chun explains, his party coming to it from the ice-barrier, after several weeks' ex-

¹ Die deutsche Tiefsee-Expedition." 1808-1809. "Nach den Reiseberichten an das Reichs-

Amt des Innern und an das Reichs-Marine-Amt." Berlin, 1809, p. 116.

posure to violent storms and bitter cold and dangerous bergs, and happening upon a spring-like calm and a temperature of about 40 deg. Fahrenheit, thought Kerguelen a little paradise. Other contrasts of more importance and less dependent on the personal equation were carefully studied by the German observers. In the discussion of these some apology may be thought needful for the introduction of such names as Plankton, Nekton and Benthos, but they do not really require more mental effort for their reception than those of Porthos and his companions in the well-known romance by Alexandre Dumas.

In the simplest living organisms there is sometimes an indeterminate character which makes it difficult to say whether they belong to the animal or vegetable kingdom. Among the minutely microscopic flagellate infusoria, the family Peridiniidae includes forms with and without chlorophyll. The latter may have the higher claim to be regarded as animals, but they are incapable of rendering the inestimable service which the others perform, since it is only vegetables that by the action of light on chlorophyll or its equivalents can assimilate inorganic substances. It almost suggests a pyramid resting on its apex, when we think of the infinitesimal unicellular plants to which the vast world of organic life is indebted, through a long chain of intermediaries to the most exalted forms, for its nutrition, and probably also for its evolution. One might be tempted to imagine that, where fishes and crabs can live, an insignificant vegetable that can feed on flint might also contrive to eke out an existence. But this is to reckon without the sunlight, which gives to plants their feeding power. For those who desire to divide the ocean into vertical zones it has been found convenient to do this partly by reference to the occupants, calling

those the Benthos which are limited to the deep floor and the stratum of water immediately above it. Contrasted with these are the Plankton, organisms living free in water, but incapable of resistance to the driving action of winds or currents, and the Nekton or Nekton, swimmers that are able to resist those forces. Creatures constitutionally sessile or of feeble swimming powers that can only be obtained by hauling them up from an abysmal home are properly attributed to the benthos. That mass of water from the surface downward which remains accessible to light contains the vegetable plankton. There is left a spacious interval wherein no plants can grow, no wind disturbs the animal plankton, an interval penetrated by a perpetual drizzle of débris, traversed by slow-moving currents, and more or less occupied by swimmers that, like the benthos, can support great cold, great pressure, and impenetrable darkness. The greatest depth that has been sounded in the ocean is 5,269 fathoms. Under the most favorable conditions of clearness it is reckoned that five thousand of these fathoms must be absolutely dark, leaving in any case less than three hundred for the plant plankton layer, in which alone diatoms and other lowly aquatic plants can live. The more these thrive the less transparent will the water become, so that by their own success they limit that penetration of light which is essential to their own activity.

While the vegetable plankton is limited to an extraordinarily thin superficial layer, completely disappearing under about 220 fathoms, below that limit, down to the floor of the sea, animal organisms are found living often in surprising abundance. It is stated by Professor Chun that in one haul of the closing-net from a depth of about 2,500 fathoms they found living radiolaria, living copepoda of four genera, numer-

ous lively larvae of the same, and a living ostracode. "From these enormous depths up to the surface," he continues, "our closing-net at every haul without exception has brought to the light of day a number of animal organisms." To those already mentioned are added, in increasing numbers towards the surface, globigerinæ, sagittæ, larval annelids, medusæ, amphipods, schizopods, appendiculariæ. The closing-nets at present in use are not adapted for capturing large animals, but apart from this those used by the Prince of Monaco and the *Valdivia* may be considered as having closed a long-continued debate. It can no longer be reasonably denied that there is an abundance of freely swimming or freely hovering species in that enormous tract of ocean which is neither basal nor superficial. The open trawls and dredges of the early researches left open also the question that has now been solved. Creatures taken in a secure cage which had not been opened till it reached a certain depth and was again closed before it quitted that depth, have their horizon sufficiently determined. Collateral evidence supports the direct proof. An open net is let down to a small depth, and secures a great variety of species. This same or a similar net is lowered at the same station to a much greater depth, and secures species which are practically never taken in hauls near the surface. The inference is tolerably obvious, and is not materially shaken by the fact that occasionally a deep-sea form may be met with at the surface in a more or less helpless condition. Animals which habitually live under a pressure of several hundred atmospheres no more like a sudden transference to the upper regions than we should like a descent into theirs. That the inhabitants of the vast unilluminated realms in which no green stuff grows can yet find sustenance is thus explained. The

vegetation of the upper waters not only feeds such animals as can come into the garden for it, but its mortal remains, long preserved by the salinity of ocean water and in the "cool chamber" of the deep sea, furnish some amount of nutriment in every or almost every stratum. Even were it not so, the animals which devour the plants in the plankton layer are themselves devoured by deeper ranging animals, and these by others in orderly succession down to the basement. As Professor Chun suggests, the bright surface waters are the rich man's table, from which the crumbs fall to the meagrely furnished floor. He speaks of that floor as one on which no human eye can ever look. But it is never quite safe to speak of impossibilities, and already the prospect opens that by help of the electric light we may have photographs of the submarine abysses, and even by some contrivance of electricity see with our own eyes not only the picture but the scene itself.

That the marine commonwealth is a vast organization for eating and being eaten must not disturb us. It is the same on land; and yet, with exceptions so few as not to be worth counting, all creatures find life worth living. Even in the intellectual world the highest education consists in teaching us to feed—to feed on the thoughts of others that we may supply thoughts for others to feed on. That the bathybiæ animals, like perhaps the majority of authors, are not pampered by any excess of this world's goods is indicated frequently by peculiarities in their structure, which, as the ingenious Professor observes, may be regarded as the signature of a never-ceasing hunger. A new genus, *Megalopharynx*, its name meaning "the mighty gullet," has been established for a deep-sea eel, which but for its long wisp of a tail might be described as all mouth. Among the prawns one species has antennæ nearly

five feet long strangely outstretched from a body of less than twelve inches. Others are spoken of with feelers ten to twenty times as long as the body. The walking legs of crabs transmuted into supplemental grasping claws, the eyes of fishes and of cuttles projected telescope-wise from the head, may well also be arrangements for enabling the possessors to seize every chance of obtaining food. The monstrous development of eyes in a sunless world has long ceased to be a mystery, since multitudes of creatures in almost every division of the animal kingdom carry their own lamps. Fishes, crustacea, cuttles, can often light up a splendor which is fascinating to the human eye. In another sense we know it to be fascinating also to many of the creatures on which the luminous ones wish to prey. But it must be confessed that evidences of ravening hunger are not wanting at the surface. Broken bottles and alcoholic specimens are swallowed without question by the audacious shark. That monster somehow contrives to feed even on the echinels, the sucker-fish which confidingly sticks to its sides. On one occasion a swarm of gold mackerel (*Coryphaena*) advanced upon the ship with strenuous leaps and bounds. It was a gallant sight to see them in the uncommonly transparent water of the Indian Ocean glistening in every shade of gold and green and blue; but these resplendent fishes actually leapt out of the water in their thronging eagerness to take the treacherous metallic bait that was offered them.

The horizontal distribution of the plankton was one of the points which the naturalists of the *Valdivia* were specially desirous of investigating, and many interesting observations upon it are recorded. As the vessel passed from one current into another it was found that forthwith the character of the plankton changed. From earlier

researches that was expected, and it was already known that the Peridiniidae were capable of developing remarkable outgrowths, long rods and parachute-like expansions, which could keep these little organisms within reach of the sunlight. But then the question arose why these remarkable adaptations prevailed in the Guinea current, while in species proper to the north and south equatorial currents they were dispensed with or greatly reduced? The answer is that the Guinea current, with more warmth and less salinity, has a smaller specific gravity, so that to keep themselves afloat the tiny organisms must here spread sails or outriggers or other apparatus which they do not need in a denser medium. It has been already explained that the plankton does not live for itself alone. We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn that there is a direct relation of abundance or otherwise between it and the life at lower levels. Both in the Arctic and Antarctic regions the plankton is, at least at certain parts of the year, extremely rich, and the depths, too, are abundantly peopled. In the temperature of abyssal waters there is such frigidity everywhere that the *Valdivia* provided itself with a freezing-tank for the special behoof of such bathybial animals as might be hauled up alive in the tropics. It is to the equability of abyssal coolness that may perhaps most reasonably be attributed the wide range of some marine species. A Miocene Mediterranean sea connecting the West Indies with the Indian Ocean in the east has been suggested; but in the course of ages it may have been quite as easy for many deep-sea species to double the Cape of Good Hope as to carry on their migrations by way of a prehistoric Suez Canal. Geologists will no doubt consider the claims of these alternative routes. To geologists Professor Chun commends the study of the plankton with regard

to two features which offer valuable links between the present and the past. On the one hand it is found that certain genera are adapted to different levels; and on the other that, in sinking, their remains go through tolerably well-defined stages of dismemberment and decay. If, then, the fossilized relics show nothing but a wasted débris, the inference is that the rock stratum containing them was laid down in a deep sea, whereas well-preserved representatives of a genus which only flourishes at a high level in the sea will be a strong argument that the containing stratum was formed in shallow water.

From the point of view of systematic natural history the German expedition appears to have had an overwhelming success. At times the explorers were so flooded with rarities that, like any private collector, they were at their wits' end to find bottles and other receptacles in which to stow their treasures. Prawns of price, things unwonted, to be coveted singly for museums and lecture-rooms, came up in thousands, and had to be eaten for breakfast in default of more suitable storage. Hundreds of new species, we are told, were obtained. Happily for the overburdened memory of the student, these will not all be thrown into the scientific arena at once. It will take years efficiently to work them all out and publish them. Indeed, if a fault may be found with Professor Chun's really delightful volume it is just this, that he has allowed himself some laxity of premature publication. A book of travels is an inconvenient vehicle for making known new species, and the hardship of the student is increased when in such a book they are inadequately described or figured without a description. This is a technical fault, which is unfortunately far from being without precedent. It does not affect the account given in general terms of some very remarkable forms

brought to light by the *Valdivia*. Magnificent examples of the beautiful glass-rope sponges were obtained, and among them a *Semperella* nearly two feet eight inches high. The group of the amphidiscophora is named not from the shape of the sponges it includes, but from the shape of some of the spicules they contain. One of these when isolated proves to be a wonderful object. It might be described as a transparent rod with a parasol-frame of flint glass at either end. The same sponges have spicules of another form, like serrated needles of a pine tree, also wrought in glass, and set as palisades to keep off intruders. These structures when first discovered were hailed with deserved admiration, and now a new wonder has been added to the old. The spicules of silicious sponges are, as is well known, usually microscopic objects or threads of great tenuity. It was not a little astonishing, therefore, to find a new species in which it was reckoned that the central needle may probably attain a substantial length of ten feet. Two specimens of the sponge were obtained, with the spicule fragmentary in both, but in one it was as thick as a man's little finger, and in the other the fragment was five feet long. In the molluscan genus *Carinaria*, wherein the animal has a translucent body and a carinate shell looking comically too small for its owner, a monstrous species, measuring over twenty-one inches, was captured off Ceylon. The Germans also had the satisfaction of obtaining a perfect living spirula, a mollusc notable for the commonness of its little internal shell and the exquisite rarity of the complete animal. The collection further included the strange but well-known *Xenophora*, the carrier-shell, sometimes by conchologists made a member of their own company and called "the conchologist" because of its queer habit of gathering other shells on to the projec-

tions of its own. "One might almost believe," says Professor Chun, "that an artistic hand had taken part in the fanciful grouping." On these alien empty shells are sometimes found other shells of living molluscs, making altogether a conglomeration such as is not unfamiliar in submarine society, though seldom of so eccentric an appearance as in this instance. More novel than the last was a capture made in depths from thirteen to sixteen hundred fathoms between the Maldivian archipelago and the Chagos atolls. Here were obtained some very peculiar brachiopods. The species of this group are sometimes called lamp-shells, from a resemblance in some of them to the shape of an Etruscan lamp. They are superficially very like bivalve molluscs, but in modern classification are entirely removed from the class of *Mollusca*. Even the name *Brachiopoda*, arm-footed, is founded on a mistake, the internal organs which Cuvier regarded as arms or feet not having, in fact, any locomotive function. Many of them are in adult life incapable of wandering at will, being fixed to some object of controlling size by a more or less flexible footstalk, which protrudes through a hole in the beak of the ventral valve. Those discovered by the *Valdivia* show a remarkable adaptation to life on the globigerina ooze by the uncommon development of this footstalk. In opposition to what is found in related species, it is here "strongly elongated, and beset with numerous fine lateral branches, by means of which the globigerinæ are entangled or perforated." The expert authority of Professor Blochmann decides that among brachiopods this extraordinary transformation of the peduncle is at present quite unique. In the class *Tunicata* Professor Chun is himself the expert for dealing with the appendiculariæ. These have been defined as small free-swimming ascidians of long

oval form, with swimming tail, resembling in the whole of their organization the larvæ of other ascidians. From their tadpole-like aspect it was not unnatural that they should long have been erroneously considered to be themselves larval forms. The largest hitherto known appendicularia is the *Megalocercus abyssorum*, earlier discovered by Chun in the depths of the Mediterranean; but this, he explains, is a dwarf compared with the species taken by the *Valdivia* in the vertical net let down to a depth of more than 1,100 fathoms off the Cape of Good Hope. That the creature proved to be nearly three inches and a half long, with a tail-fin broadening to an inch and a fifth, will not of itself arouse any amazement in the inexperienced. But the singularity of the discovery will be better appreciated by the help of some comparative measurements which the author supplies:—

"Every appendicularia," he says, "is composed of two sharply separated regions—namely, the trunk and the swimming tail. The trunk in forms living at the surface attains the size of a pin's head, but in the fritillariæ remains so small that it is scarcely distinguishable by the unaided eye. Our giant form possesses a trunk as large as a nut, an inch long and three-quarters of an inch broad."

It is like the difference between a mouse and a mammoth.

In accord with the title of the volume, our attention has first been given to the wonders of the deep sea, and a consideration of the intimate bond which unites the economy of its profoundest darkness with that of the often brilliantly illumined surface. At the surface itself there is a wonderful play of counteracting forces—organisms thriving in the light and thereby darkening the waters below them, icebergs with a faculty of dissolving the mists which are apt to gather sud-

denly and perilously round them, currents driving this way and that, so that the wayfarer may find himself warm near the poles and cool at the equator, surface water sometimes colder than that which is beneath it, with other eccentricities. The people of Cape Town, it is noted, have the unusual privilege of being able to bathe first in the cool waves of the Atlantic and then in the warm water of the Indian Ocean, at only the expense of an hour's drive from Table Bay on the one side to False Bay on the other.

As in other voyages so in this, the observers were at times gratified by scenes at sea, the beauty and grandeur of which they can find no adequate words to express. With a due respect to the honor of literature it is usual in these cases to say that no painter could reproduce on canvas the loveliness or the glory, and in this way to shelter verbal incompetence by twitting a sister art with its incapacity. To those who would ask him which part of the open ocean has left upon him the most abiding impression, Professor Chun is prepared to answer without hesitation the Antarctic sea. It is, however, a composite picture to which he refers, for first there is the gray cloud-covered sky mirrored in the gray waters; the long swell of the waves betokens a sea peacefully breathing in a deep slumber; a stillness of death prevails; the steam whistle shrieks discordantly on the night without waking an echo. Then a light breeze sets in, to grow presently into a raging storm, beating spicules of ice into the eyes of the mariner, and raising waves so long, so high, so crested with foam, as nowhere else are to be found. Now high over the masts, now down in the trough of the billows, great swarms of stormy petrels and mighty albatrosses encompass the vessel. Fields of floating ice break the monotony of the watery plain, and from it rise in majestic repose the surf-

beaten precipices of icebergs, waiting but one touch of returning sunlight to reveal their dazzling whiteness and brilliant tints of azure. Trying for an echo in glacial regions, it should be explained, is not done for idle amusement. It is only a way of signalling to a berg for information as to its proximity. It is easy to conceive that the effects above described are not such as to offer to the unheroic a highly alluring prospect, however animating it may be to cherish them in retrospect. There are other exhibitions which may not compete with these in solemn grandeur, but which are attended by less personal discomfort, and which show Nature in some of her most winning aspects. No observer fails to wax eloquent on the subject of marine phosphorescence. Sometimes admiration is engaged by the inexplicable fancifulness with which the glow-lamps of a particular species are arranged, sometimes by the enormous throng of the self-illumined organisms, sometimes by the exciting causes which call the lanterns into play, such as the lashing of the waves or the rapid transit of great fishes. In detail or in the mass, in calm, or in storm, this living light imposes on the human mind like an effect out of a fairy tale, where jewels can be bestowed with unstinted lavishness. Not, perhaps, inferior is the beauty of living corals, a beauty which, unlike that of phosphorescence, requires to be seen in the light of day. Thus we read, for example, "No words can express the splendor of coloring within the lagoons; glimmering up out of the depths the coral reefs produce against a ground tone of blue the most diversified reflections in white and green and orange-red." Madrepores and millepores, star corals and mushroom corals, and the well-known *Mæandrinæ*, both inside the lagoon and on the outer side of the reef, take part in the gaily-colored display, a display totally different from

that of the bleached skeletons of corals arranged in our northern cabinets. But not even coral gardens exhaust the list of bewitching scenes which navigators have the chance of enjoying at sea. Some may find a more delectable picture than any of those already suggested in that which met the eyes of the German naturalists when their ship was in the South Indian Ocean. Storms had ceased; the sun shone; the heat was not excessive; in a region free from currents the sea was as smooth as glass; on the surface were peacefully floating the wonderful hydrozoa known as *Physaliae* or Portuguese men-of-war and their kindred, the graceful blue *Veellæ*. Under these conciliatory circumstances the *Valdivia* came upon the pleasing sight of thousands of albatrosses, seated in long rows on the bosom of the sea.

It must not, however, be forgotten that, just as the soldier maintains that the object of all war is peace, so the goal of every voyage is sure to be some point of land. Though his origin may have been in the sea, man has in course of time become a thoroughly terrestrial animal, and those who read the volume now under review will soon find that it is far from being confined in treatment to the letter of its title. If all the things discussed may be said to be out of the deep sea, for a large number of them it is only in the sense that they never were in it. Among creatures, however, of which it may with tolerable confidence be affirmed that their ancestors, near or remote, lived in salt water, are the land crabs. Most or all of these are interesting on account of their habits, their cleverness, their audacity, or for one or more of these reasons. But of all land crabs, one which is familiarly known as the cocoanut crab, or the robber-crab (though it

is not technically a crab, but a Pagurid, a macruran hermit), has surpassed all the rest in attracting human attention. It has somehow acquired an apparatus for breathing air. It has certainly acquired a taste for eating cocoanuts, and the art of making its bed out of the fibrous envelope of that useful nut. The account given of it by Darwin in the "Voyage of the Beagle" is within every one's memory. In the "Voyage of the Valdivia" likewise it comes in for notice. The naturalists of that expedition met with it at Diego Garcia, one of the many coral islands over the palm groves of which this crustacean is distributed. By day it hides in deep burrows at the foot of its favorite tree. But the colored people are clever at digging it up, and they provided their German friends with fine examples, fourteen inches long. It is rather singular that with its lengthened career of notoriety, it should have still a life-history open to discussion and remarkable additions. Precise and trustworthy determination of some of the disputed points is a thing as it were of yesterday. Yet the beginning of the story is connected by Major Alcock, F.R.S., with Sir Francis Drake in the sixteenth century.² He regards that illustrious admiral as the pioneer of Indian zoology, on the ground that he and his companions were the discoverers of the robber-crab; for, to any one who knows that animal in the state of nature, he thinks the following quotation from the narrative of Drake's voyage will be sufficient proof of this:—

Neither may we without ingratitude, by reason of the special use we made of them, omit to speak of the huge multitude of a certain kind of crayfish, of such a size that one was sufficient to satisfy four hungry men at dinner. . . . They are, as far as we could per-

² "A summary of the Deep-Sea Zoological Work of the Royal Indian Marine Survey Ship 'Investigator'" from 1884 to 1897. By Major

A. W. Alcock, M.B., C.M.Z.S., F.G.S. Calcutta, 1899, p. 2.

ceive, utter strangers to the sea, living always on the land, where they work themselves earths as do the conies, or rather they dig great and huge caves under the roots of the most huge and monstrous trees, where they lodge themselves by companies together. Of the same sort and kind we found . . . some that, for want of other refuge, when we came to take them, did climb up into trees to hide themselves, whither we were enforced to climb after them.

Here then are two of the problems started, which have since been much debated, whether the cocoanut-crab really climbs the cocoanut palm, and whether it visits the sea, an affirmative answer to the latter inquiry evoking a further curiosity to know when and why it does so. In a work published this year Major Alcock contributes his own observations on this species, which do not, indeed, affect either of the above problems, but tend to confirm his view as to the identity of the bold robber-crab with the "crayfish" spoken of by the equally bold robber, Sir Francis Drake:—

"In April, 1899," Alcock says, "these great crabs were numerous in the jungle, which on South Sentinel⁸ is remarkably open and accessible; they were found under the spreading roots of the large trees and under fallen trunks "by companies," the males being much more numerous than the females. During the heat of the day they were lethargic and kept cover, but when late in the afternoon a shower of rain fell, they became active. Individuals kept alive on board the *Investigator* remained hidden during the day, but were very active at night, when also any that died were eaten by their fellows. I observed one of these crabs drinking from a runnel of rain-water, by dipping the fingers of one of its

chelipeds into the water and then carrying the wet fingers to its mouth.⁴

That the *Birgus latro*, as it is called in science, really visits the sea for the purpose of depositing its brood therein has been recently determined by Dr. Arthur Willey at Lifu, in the Loyalty Islands. On the rocks there he saw a female of this species that had its abdomen covered with hatching "zoeas," as the young at a certain stage are called, and these were being washed off into the water. To a description of some of these juveniles which had been brought to England, Mr. L. A. Borradaile appends the following interesting note:—

The frequency of the visits of *Birgus* to the sea is still a matter of doubt. According to Darwin the crab is said to go down to the shore every night, "no doubt for the purpose of moistening its *branchia*." Von Suhm was told at Zamboanga that the creature "occasionally" visits the sea. Guppy and Whetham also mention this habit. On the other hand, Andrews knows nothing of it, and Dr. Willey tells me that, out of the breeding season, *Birgus* is taken only inland and at night by torch-light, or can be trapped in the same place by a cage baited with roasted cocoanut. The holes in which it lives are, at Lifu, inland under coral limestone. At Zamboanga they are said to be situated at the roots of trees in swampy ground. It seems pretty certain that the principal food of the animal is the fruit of the *Pandanus* and *Cocoanut*-trees, which it can obtain, if necessary, by climbing for it, and in this case there can be little doubt that its object in visiting the sea out of the breeding season would be to moisten its gills or lungs. If these be not moistened with fresh or salt water then we are met with two alternatives—either the interchange of gases must take place

⁸ An uninhabited island in the Indian Sea about fifteen miles northwest of Little Andaman Island.

⁴ "Zoological Gleanings from the Royal In-

dian Marine Survey Ship 'Investigator.'" By A. W. Alcock, C.M.Z.S., F.G.S., Major I.M.S. Simla, 1901, p. 66.

through a membrane which after a time becomes dry, or the membrane must be kept moist by an exudation from the animal. Certain observations on the genus *Coenobita* lead the writer to suppose that the latter is probably the case.⁵

Proof of the climbing, which has been at different times asserted, doubted and positively denied, has been produced in a very practical manner by Dr. Andrews, of the British Museum. He spent several months on Christmas Island, and there used his opportunity of photographing the crustacean in the very act of its steeplejack performance. Similarly, Mr. C. Hedley writes in regard to its occurrence on the atoll of Funafuti, "As everybody knows, Birgus is as much at home on a palm-bole as a squirrel on an oak."⁶ It is strange, therefore, to read of Europeans as well as blacks on Diego Garcia assuring Professor Chun that they had never seen a climbing Birgus. On the other hand, they had frequently observed in the midst of the forest cocoanut shells filled with sea-water, which could not have got there in any other way than by transport on the part of the Birgus. Thus wonder succeeds to wonder in the history of this species.

The points at which the *Valdivia* made its halts were no doubt chosen for a variety of reasons, but a dominating principle of selection must have been the desire to see, within the admitted range of the voyage, whatever the world has to show most striking in scenery, most singular in manners and customs, most glorious or surprising in botanical display. For the last of these purposes the sea is poorly furnished, although in just one particular it surpasses the land. For no terrestrial

vegetation can produce fronds to compete in length with those of the gigantic kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*. This serviceable plant is eloquently described in the "Voyage of the Beagle."⁷ It acts as an invaluable beacon to save the sailor from shipwreck. It is also an extraordinary museum of natural history. Its leaves are often encrusted with corallines, beset with beautiful compound ascidians, delicate polyps, shellfish and nudibranch mollusca. Every part of it is frequented by innumerable crustacea. "On shaking the great entangled roots a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs of all orders, sea-eggs, starfish, beautiful holothuriæ, planariae, and crawling nereidous animals of a multitude of forms all fall out together." In this marine forest live numerous species of fishes, which become the food of cormorants, seals and porpoises, and they in their turn, according to Darwin's view, so far supply the larder of the miserable Fuegian as to save him from the extremities of cannibalism and eventual extinction. With this account the comments of Professor Chun substantially agree. But whereas Darwin says "I do not suppose that the stem of any other plant attains so great a length as 360 feet, as stated by Captain Cook," Professor Chun affirms that fronds have been measured which give a length of not less than a thousand feet. If this astounding measurement can add dignity to the vegetation of Kerguelen Island, that locality, lying in a latitude nearly corresponding to that of Jersey and Guernsey, may well deserve some compensation for the poverty and sombreness of its inland flora. None the less, even this has its special points of interest. Thus the famous

⁵ Willey's "Zoological Results," Part V. Cambridge University Press, 1900, p. 585.

⁶ "The Crustacea of Funafuti," by T. Whitelegge. Memoirs of Australian Museum, vol. III. part 2. p. 128. 1897.

⁷ "A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," p. 240. Edition 1886.

Kerguelen cabbage, *Pringlea antiscorbutica*, is said to be the only endemic plant which has no near relatives on the globe. Its range is strictly confined to those bleak spots in the southern ocean—Marion Island and the Crozet group, and the Kerguelen group, with Heard Island hard at hand. The "cabbage" is described as having a not unpleasant, bitter taste, and the value which it has for sailors is clearly expressed in its scientific name. All the more sad is it to read of the devastation wrought upon it by the rabbits, which a well-intentioned but unforeseeing friend of humanity introduced into Kerguelen. Other influences have stripped the island of the timber and underwood which it obviously once enjoyed. The evidence relied on for this assumption is on the one hand direct, consisting in the discovery there of silicified wood; on the other hand, inferential and resting on the presence of living weevils, Studer having ingeniously pointed out the intimate connection between the habits of these beetles and a life in woods and forests.

The course of the *Valdivia*, as already sketched, carried the explorers to many places at which sunshine and warm moisture have combined to cover the earth with a profusion of forms that enchant the spectator by the varied splendor of their foliage, their flowers of tender grace or dazzling colors, their fruits alluring or diversely strange. On many occasions the German observers were able to visit some of those majestic and enduring monuments of the vegetable kingdom which one might fancy smiling serenely as they witness the rise and fall of empires, the coming in and passing away of fashions, the birth and death of countless swarms of moths and men. But even these proud trees are at the mercy of fools. At Teneriffe a pilgrimage was organized to visit the venerable dracæna or dragon-tree of Ycod. This tree, we are

told, overshadowed the stone seats of the native king and his council in the days of their independence. After a hundred years of war waged with the Spaniards, those days came to an end at the close of the fifteenth century. The tree is still flourishing. But the peasant who owns it offered to sell his farm to Professor Chun for 700*l.*, with the historic tree into the bargain. Earlier he had been minded to cut it down as a rather too shady encumbrance to his garden, and only stayed his hand because an opportune influx of visitors made it more lucrative to let it live. In the age of this tree five hundred years would be a trifle if there is any truth in the estimate that another dracæna, the celebrated dragon-tree of Orotava, with which that of Ycod is favorably compared, may be six thousand years old. Kerner and Oliver, however, give this reckoning with all reserve.⁸ Those distinguished botanists also say that "the celebrated baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) was reckoned by Adanson, on the ground of thickness of the annual growth, to be about five thousand years old, but whether a miscalculation has not crept in must remain uncertain." They speak of the girth of the baobab, or monkey's-bread tree, as reaching about 32 feet. Chun is content with assigning to it a limit of 28½ feet. Whether he saw the largest growths or not, there is, in his opinion, no tree more characteristic of the African savannah, none that more sharply impresses itself on the memory by its peculiar physiognomy, its irregular yet always typical modes of branching, its love of isolation, and its monstrous spindleshaped fruits so conspicuous on their long stalks at the season when the tree is bare of leaves. Still, it would seem that a greater hold on his admiration was won by the *Lo-dioea Sechellarum*, which he calls the

⁸ "The Natural History of Plants," vol. i. p. 720.

proudest of all palms. A specimen was shown him in Ceylon as the glory of the botanical garden of Peridenya. This was a dwarf compared with another example in the governor's garden at Mahé, in the Seychelles. "But as I stood," he says, "in astonishment before this miraculous palm with its gigantic fruits, the assurance was given me that it afforded but a weak picture of the growth and magnificence which this princess of its race displays in its natural habitat." That indigenous station is limited to Praslin and the adjacent island Curieuse. To this classic ground the zoological professor, with his eminent botanical colleague, Professor Schimper, eagerly followed their friendly guides, the subsequent verdict being that "he who has not seen the Lodoicea in the lonely valleys, where it is at home, that man knows not the Seychelles." Straight as a needle spring the unbranched stems to a height of over 120 feet, to be surmounted by a crown of enormous fan-like leaves. More than twenty feet long and twelve feet broad are these deeply-serrated fans. The accompanying fruit, the famous and once mysterious Coco de mer, is described by Chun as the mightiest and heaviest in the vegetable kingdom. It is, however, very far surpassed in weight by fruits of the melon pumpkin, although that belongs to a more lowly order, which ought, perhaps, scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with imperial palms.

If during the expedition plant marvels on land many times distracted the minds of the explorers from their deep-sea investigations, so also both by sea and land they were repeatedly fascinated by the bird life with which they came in contact. As usual in southern voyages, the penguins of several species appealed in many striking ways to notice. Young ones were met with at Great Fish Bay, and the attention of

ornithologists is specially invited to this as the first evidence of the advance of these birds into the tropical zone of the West African province. At St. Paul a species or variety peculiar to that lonely land was observed. In spite of the noise, and dirt, and stench, and imminent risk of being severely pecked, which prevail in a penguin rookery, the Professor owns that a naturalist can spend hours in one without growing weary of all the comical serious business that goes on, a mixture of peace and war, of family and tribal life, of loving attentions and bitter suspicions. There was evidently a certain sympathy between him and them, since, when he was driving some king-penguins to the beach and was inspired to enliven the solitude by lifting up his voice in a pious strain, they immediately responded with a solemn caw, caw, caw. On the other hand, as a visitor to their rookeries, while disclaiming acquaintance with the penguin language, he could not help inferring that, with their red eyes sparkling and their heads mischievously bent on one side, they were discussing his intrusion in very uncomplimentary terms. A certain amount of cynicism on their part is justified not only by man's behavior, but it might even be said by that of nature. A mother penguin cannot leave her egg for a moment but what a sheath-bill, Chionis, dashes its beak into it. The sheath that lies over this bird's upper mandible, "like a saddle with the pommel tilted up into the air,"* has been explained by Studer as a benevolent provision to prevent its nostrils from being stuffed up by the contents of the egg—the very thing which the enraged parent penguin would like to see happen to the piratical Chionis. But it is impossible to please every one. In the water, as is well-known, the penguin has a dignity

* Kidder and Coues, "Natural History of Kerguelen Island," p. 91, 1876.

of its own. Thus in the height of a violent Antarctic tempest one of them long followed the ship, springing like a dolphin over the water with strong strokes of its fin-like wings. At other times it was observed that, however fast the steamer was moving, penguins could outstrip it with ease. Even in the humiliating position of captives on board, king-penguins were remarkable for the steadiness with which they kept their balance during the heaviest rolling of the vessel. Not more interesting, but undoubtedly far more beautiful, were many of the birds with wings that function as wings to mount the sky. The aerial wonder was seen, that must still make M. Santos Dumont jealous, of albatrosses following the ship for hours and even days together without the slightest sign of weariness. Acknowledgment is made of the service rendered by certain petrels (*Procellaria antarctica* and *Priocella glacialisoides*), which hunt for food by preference in the surf that beats upon icebergs and so give warning of those dangerous neighbors. But, in regard to this group, Professor Chun says:—

All properties which make petrels the most sympathetic companions of seafaring people are united in the wonderful snow-white petrel (*Pagodroma nivea*), the surest witness that ice is at hand. As if Nature had wished to surpass herself, she created a bird which in grace of flight and attractive coloring is beyond all compare. The plumage is white as snow, and competes in its silken sheen with the whiteness of the dazzling ice when lit up by the sun. Only the large expressive eye with its dark brown iris is bordered by some tiny feathers that are black; the web-footed legs are black, and so is the beak, the little, gently twittering beak, whereby the prey is snapped from the surface while the bird is on the wing. No bird has affected me so much as this stainless

silken floweret of the Antarctic south; for hours together the eye was charmed to follow its graceful flight over the mountains and valleys of foam-crested waves, over fields of floating ice and peaceful ice-fringed bays.

Descending once more to solid ground, it is proper for us to notice that "the noblest study of mankind" was not neglected. Many observations are scattered through the volume that will interest the anthropologist and ethnographer. Some of these may even not be displeased by the tragic record of a great *Cercopithecus*, a long-tailed baboon, which had broken loose, and in a reckless leap to escape recapture fell overboard while the ship was going full speed. "The unreserved antipathy which it had shown toward some of those concerned with oceanographic and biological investigations had made it the darling of the crew, and its fate excited universal regret." But the mourners wept too soon. The patent log trailing behind the ship was caught by the dexterous monkey, which clung to it in spite of all twisting and twirling, and was in the end hauled on board again safe and sound. "Not easily," concludes the narrator, "would any other beast, or even a man, imitate so dashing a feat." It calls to mind, indeed, Macaulay's description of Horatius in his harness breasting the Tiber:—

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.

In the East it would appear that folks are rather less troubled about the missing link than is the case with European philosophers. In the highlands of Sumatra the Germans found, among an agreeable and cultivated population, that the general interest was chiefly concentrated not on themselves, but on their

negro servant. At the hotels the Malay attendants never failed to ask what sort of meal they should provide for the "orang hitam," and where he would make his lair at night. Their respect for him had to be augmented by the Professor's reply that the negro was accustomed to eat a Malay every day for his dinner.

Among the islands off the west coast of Sumatra the Nias group was exceptionally attractive, on account of the extremely primitive character of its inhabitants. They might be described as models, if only the scantiness of their clothing were considered; but as notorious head-hunters they did not give promise of a quite simple-minded hospitality. They have repulsed the appeals alike of Mohammedanism and Christianity in favor of the old paths—their own long-established fetishism. The only concession to outer influence on the part of fetish worshippers seemed to lie in the fact that some of the carved images, by which they seek to scare away the images of the departed from the bodies of the living, are nowadays adorned with that fine flower of European culture, the cylindrical hat. The coffee-colored people of Nias are small, but well formed, and in the event gave their visitors a kindly welcome. One man taller than the rest, made a somewhat alarming demonstration, but when the German Professor took from between his own lips a lighted cigar and thrust it between those of the very moderately-sized giant all was well. An exceedingly pleasant afternoon was spent on the island, though conversation had to be conducted in Niasese on one side and Frankfort German on the other. On a subsequent occasion intercourse with a fine old Maldivian Islander was much more fluent, since luckily he "had command of about six words of broken English." From all that this volume reports one might be disposed to infer

that savages and lower races, when humanely treated, are not so very savage and not so very low. The Chinese, too, who, in spite of their older civilization, are often spoken of with unworthy disrespect, here meet with a kindly estimate. As seen at Padang they are warmly praised. An amusing account is given of the Chinese temple at that place. When a stranger enters, the priest refreshes him with a cup of delicate tea. At the altar are depicted on one side the pains of hell, on the other the joys of paradise. In Christian art and English churches the pictured horrors are not without their counterpart; but there is distinctly local coloring in the scene which presents an amiable little maiden rendering to a Chinaman in paradise the incomparable service of fanning away the mosquitoes.

In following all the results recorded in this volume the reader will find himself not a little assisted by the very large number of excellent illustrations. These portray not only novel or characteristic inhabitants of the sea, but some of the most striking scenes of earth and ocean, marvellous trees, tropical vegetation in various aspects, birds in the act of flight, human beings of many types and in many stages of apparel, and their habitations, which in tropical lands appear almost always to have a natural grace beyond the reach of art. Art, perhaps, is not to be blamed for the ruthless destruction of all picturesqueness in the dwellings at Padang-Pandjang. There, as a precaution against fire, it is officially ordered that houses should be roofed with corrugated iron, instead of being thatched with fibres of the palm. Throughout the narrative of the *Valdivia's* voyage a love of the beautiful is conspicuous. The expedition had in F. Winter a scientific draughtsman and skilled photographer. With him were seven amateurs, animated, we are told,

by a *furor photographicus*, to whom the whole world presented a mere target at which snapshots might be taken. The pictorial results are charmingly combined with the verbal record. In Byron's "Mazeppa," when the tale was ended, "the king had been an hour asleep." There is nothing soporific in Professor Chun's narrative, although he makes one candid confession. At Dar-es-Salam the notables came out to the *Valdivia* to witness the dredging operations. Among them was the Wali, all attention, ready with pertinent inquiries. Why, for example, did they sound in places where the sea was so certainly deep as not to offer the slightest danger? Why, at great expense, with extensive apparatus, did they haul up deep-sea animals of not the slightest practical value? The answers seemed rather to confuse the questioner than to enlighten him, and a little later, after the example of Swedish Charles, he was found in an arm-chair peacefully slumbering. The abstract love of knowledge, the intense desire to master difficult problems, the hope of obtaining a new vantage-ground for solving mysteries yet unforeseen, are not easy to explain by any set formula even to those who share them, let alone those who do not. It should not, however, be supposed that these longings, explained or unexplained, can be gratified without cost. No doubt, compared with several other objects on which money is spent, the expenditure on all the scientific expeditions that have ever been equipped would be found to be trivial—a sum freakishly small. Probably, too, the outlay in life and health is not out of proportion to what is risked or sacrificed in many other avocations. But, that being conceded, it is still proper to notice that this voyage, like others of a similar kind, was far from being merely a pleasure trip. It included weeks of monotonous routine, weeks of

tremendously hard work, the endurance by landsmen of prolonged and terrifying storms, and the endurance by men accustomed to a temperate climate of comparatively sudden changes from tropical heat to glacial cold, and from the latter back again to the former. Principally to this last incident is attributed the death on board ship in the Indian Ocean of the enthusiastic young physician and bacteriologist, Dr. Bachmann, who had joined as a volunteer for the love of science. Many, moreover, of the naturalists were attacked by malarial fever. The causes of it were not at that time so clearly understood as they have quite recently become. It was, therefore, an excusable but very unfortunate excess of zeal for scientific experience which led several of the voyagers to pass the night in native huts at Jabassi, a riverside village of the Cameroons. Lightly encountered, long to be lamented and endured, were the consequences of that one night passed in those far from aromatic dwellings, shared with negroes, mosquitoes and rats. Much later in the voyage, at the Nicobar Islands, they observed the huts there constructed aloft on piles or trees, and Professor Chun reflects on this characteristic building custom of Malay and Papuan tribes, that it surely

arose not simply from fear of attack, but also from experience, strengthened by long tradition, that it affords protection against malaria. Mosquitoes in general do not fly very high; if the Italian herdsman on the Campagna sleeps on lofty trestles, under which he kindles a smoking fire, it is that he is seeking to protect himself against the fever, in the same way as the aborigines who pen themselves in smoky pile-dwellings that can be almost hermetically closed.

In return for hardships, inevitable or otherwise, the exploring company were not wholly without alleviations and

rewards. Foremost they themselves would probably place the satisfaction of doing and of having done what they set out to do. In reflection on the thrilling experiences now safely past, on scenes never to be forgotten, and on scientific successes, the sensitive temperament, the natural taste, the special knowledge of each individual will greatly vary the effect produced. But probably every one on board the vessel, from captain to cabin boy, was pretty equally capable of appreciating the geniality with which the expedition was uniformly welcomed. English and Dutch, French and Germans, Africans and Asiatics, savages and civilized, men, women and children, apparently without exception, showed themselves friendly, and, according to their several opportunities, did the honors of the world in its behalf. The *Valdivia* was at the Cape before the war broke out, but matters were already becoming critical, since, at a banquet given to the German deep-sea explorers, Mr. Merriman expressed a wish that there could also be an expedition to sound the depths of the political ocean. On the same festive occasion Captain Krech, the accomplished and amiable commander of the vessel, had his health drunk with musical honors, in which we may trust Sir David Gill and his friends to have sung "For he's a jolly *good* fellow," rather than the less complimentary variant here reported, "He is a jolly *old* fellow." Some of the pleasures and amusements were unequally distributed. Only the ship's steward rode a sea-elephant. Only the ship's steward led a war-dance of

South-Sea Islanders. Only those who were crossing the line for the first time were, at the Equator, initiated into the worship of Father Neptune, a practical joke that is now decrepit. Only those of Northern origin enjoyed a snowballing match in the icy south. Only one individual did not enjoy it, and that was the astonished negro servant, who fled disgusted to his cabin. Many shared in the sport of shooting sharks, the vicious sharks that too evidently lusted after naturalists innocently tow-netting in an open boat. Setting sharks and penguins on one side, good humor and good feeling seem to have been notes of the voyage from first to last.

Though there has been only space for discussion of the German exploits, it must not be thought that during these late years either our own nation or others have been idle in the very same branch of research. At various points the *Valdivia* came in contact with regions of marine investigation that had been or were being most sedulously explored by other surveys. The time is fast arriving, or has perhaps arrived, when it will be more useful to science that expeditions, instead of roving over the whole globe, should confine themselves to definite areas. If such a view should be acted on, the course of the *Valdivia* will be all the more memorable, as crowning a series of voyages which have not only made known, beyond all expectation, the living wealth of the oceanic world, but have kindled, beyond all precedent, a lively interest concerning it in a quite different world—the world of human intelligence.

A TYPE OF THE TOWN.

It was a summer's night. The last of the crowd went rollicking along the Edgware Road, shouting not so much through happiness as custom, and the Bystander went after them homewards. The hoarse shouts died away sadly; the pleasure-seekers were tired, their enjoyment was done; in a few hours they would be astir, depressed in the early light, to seek anew for bread and halfpence; there was a final shout, lessening into a gasp, the last moan of a concertina, and the night went to sleep. The Bystander walked towards a smoky yellow light, where he could see a grizzled head dodging up and down like a grotesque marionette; he paused by the few tattered moths that had fluttered towards this light. "Ain't got no tea," replied the proprietor of the stall; "the water don't bile yet." He stroked an urn independently, to test the temperature. "Korfee, Jack, an' a slice o' plain? No?" he continued, "tuppence. I ain't goin' to make 'apporths. I can't afford to run no charity restaurant."

"Tuppence takes a deal o' makin' some days; 'tis a lot o' money to part with for a mug an' a slice." Jack, the speaker, stood close beside the Bystander, and the latter looked round, because the accent that underlay the talk of London town was not that of the voluntarily unwashed. He saw a thin man, in a vesture of rags held together with scraps of string, a small face, overgrown with a rough harvest of stubble, but stamped with intellect by keen gray eyes; one foot dragging a heavy boot, wherefrom a bruised toe peeped pitifully into the night, the other light and fantastic in a once canvas shoe. The hat, jammed upon elfin ringlets, had in the past been of silk, but the

period was indefinite. The ancient coat had slipped two paces, so to speak, from the neck; above the collar-bone the skin was fairly clean, even fresh, when it avoided the cross-hatch of wrinkles; beneath this line of demarcation 'twas desolation and dirt. Jack saw the Bystander's glance, and his pride was roused. He put up a well-shaped hand, and shook the refractory garment, even as a terrier worries a rat. The gray eyes were upon the Bystander; their owner leaned forward and quoted a few apt lines from the chorus of the "Alcestis." "Will yer wait for the tea, sir?" said the voice within. "The water's gettin' on the bile."

The Bystander said that he would wait. Jack edged towards him, and they were alone at the corner of the stall, while the unnamed construed the uncertainty upon his new friend's face, and the sonorous Greek into English prose. "I had forgotten," said the Bystander. "I have neglected the classics since I left Cambridge." He lowered his voice, although there was no need.

"I am from 'tother place, as they say in the House, from the banks of Isis—"

"Old on there, Jack! Where be ye a shovin' to, mate? Yer've bin an' split me kawfee."

Jack turned with apologies. "Orl right, ole pal; 'ave a pull outer mine."

The pal was not overloaded with pride and pulled heartily from the proffered mug, until Jack's countenance grew sad. As he turned again, a ragged flap flew forth like a bird of prey, and swept his slice of cake to the gutter. Jack dived, reclaimed the treasure, whisked off the Edgware Road dust, and placed a goodly portion, for security, in his mouth.

"Excuse me," said the Bystander hurriedly. "You were once a gentleman?"

Jack drew himself up with exceeding dignity, and disposed of the cake with a gulp. "I am a gentleman. It is true I have no address and no income. On the other hand, I enjoy perfect liberty, and am not in debt. Can every gentleman say as much? You are looking at my clothes; call them an eccentricity of genius, and look no more."

"'Ere's the tea, sir. 'Ave anythink to eat?"

"Try the seed," exclaimed Jack eagerly. "It's orl right, ain't it, Tommy?"

"Everythink yer buys 'ere is orl right," replied Tommy the proprietor, and the Bystander, submitting, tried the seedcake. "Another slice for me; give us a big 'un," said the Gentleman, his eyes wistful, his mouth hungry. The long knife descended, and a heavy wedge dropped upon the counter. Jack seized it, and with his unoccupied hand worried his garments indefinitely. Presently the rags gathered round him again, and he timidly pushed the slice back. "Beg parding, Tommy; I wouldn't 'ave troubled, if I'd known."

The proprietor turned from serving a cab-driver, and returned the wedge, as though it were a game of shuffle-board. "You're welcome, matey. I knows yer, Jack; to-morrer night'll do."

The Bystander took in the situation, and proffered a sixpence to pay for both. Jack gave him no direct word of thanks, but turned gratefully and went on talking. "You see, I don't speak to them as I do to you; they would think me proud. You were assuming that I need a bath? It is true. I had a piece of elastic round the collar of my coat, to keep the garment above the Pillar of Farewell, but I fear the elastic has failed. You do not understand?"

Each morning I wash me in the Serpentine, and cleanse my face and hands, but never venture below my collar-bone, because I am rheumatic, and dread the touch of cold water. Once a month, oftener when funds run to it, I have a warm bath which costs me twopence net. May I ask what brings you to a coffee-stall?"

The Bystander explained his habit of roaming abroad, and spoke of his interest in the great panorama of London life. He loved to watch the characters that haunt the places of cheap food, to wonder at their lightheartedness, as they struggled in the handicap with the odds so heavy against them, often to admire their fortitude and their actions of unselfishness.

From his companion's conversation the Bystander was given much to think about. Jack belonged to the great army of men who are scattered about London, penniless, destitute, some through their own fault, some through the fault of others. Spoiled by their manner of bringing up, they cannot dig; to beg they are ashamed. They idle about street-corners, waiting, until they are shifted on, to idle about other street-corners; sometimes they are moved on to the Embankment, where, in a dark moment, the habit being perhaps strong upon them, they move themselves on—one step, and the street-corners know them no more. There are meals to be gathered in the street, the Bystander learned, sorry sustenance, yet a tight handful of orange-peel and a cigar-stump have often kept life stirring for a few hours. "After all," said his informant, "at the worst it is only a question of a few years. All paths lead to the same exit; it is merely a question of an easy or unpleasant journey." Jack was an optimist, who was cheerful in every circumstance. He had prepared certain rules for his guidance, and such as the following he observed, strange

to say, to the strict letter. (1) Never hope, never despair. Take life as it comes, assured that everything occurring is the most fortunate circumstance that could happen. (2) Be prepared for accidents. To check over-population, Providence finds it necessary to remove a certain percentage of the surplus. If you are run over and maimed for life, do not complain. It has been found that there is no room for you on the streets. (3) For the destitute the Epicurean motto is the best; enjoy each hour as much as you can, but never think of the next. (4) When it is too hot, remember that you once found it too cold. When the ground is frozen don't complain; it must thaw out. (5) Work when you feel well, and do your best, but do not work too hard. (6) Never think of the past; never make plans for the future; always live for the present. (7) Make friends with every one, but trust nobody. There were more of such rules for self-guidence, but it would be tedious to enumerate the entire code. Jack personally was a literary man, with the artistic temperament well developed. Art, art, what a motley crew of starved and tattered beings are thy disciples! He possessed a reader's ticket for the British Museum, and whenever he could make himself sufficiently respectable, he would bury himself among the tomes of long-gone thinkers; the results he set down upon paper, supplied as a gift by Government, with an equally gratuitous pen. The day's work would be dropped humbly, for lack of stamps, into the gaping maw of some periodical's letter-box; stamps for the return of the manuscript there were, and could be, none. Wistfully each day the ragged figure crept within the shades of a secluded public-house, where a kindly landlord allowed his letters to be taken in, always with a smile, and the same anxious question, "Anythin' for ole Jack?" Sometimes

there was, and the thin face became animated. There were occasional acceptances, and even slips of paper, and these the landlord changed into brave gold sovereigns which he counted generously into the shaking palm. Such days were Periods in a Life.

The Bystander prepared to move away. Half-a-crown lay awkwardly in his hand, and he longed to transfer it, but dared not. It is not easy to offer a gratuity to a gentleman, even though he be homeless and in rags. "May I walk a little of the way with you?" said Jack, when his mug was drained. "I want a move, after standing so long. You will hardly meet any one you know at this hour. Good-night, Tommy, and thank ye kindly." They moved away, and the voices of the night followed: "Good-night, Jack, good-night, ole boy; take care o' yerself."

"You see," said the Gentleman with his sprightly air, "I am now a London Jack. Once I had a surname, but that is long ago. We do not require handles in my society; identity is nothing. When you look at a drifting cloud, you do not consider that it is composed of many million vesicles. You see the one object, and you give it a comprehensive name. Are you a literary man?"

The Bystander admitted that he sometimes dared to desecrate paper, and Jack went on. "I thought so. Now, were you to introduce me as a character into one of your dramas of real life, you would offend against all the canons of art and nature. You would take me, dress me and find me, when shaved and in my right mind, a passably handsome fellow. You would find me romantic, and in the end you would marry me to some fair lady of means, and make me a gentleman again. Why?"

He spoke sharply, almost with anger. The Bystander answered, somewhat

feeble: "Nature teaches us that the grub becomes a butterfly."

"Nature does not renew the butterfly. Nature does not recolor the flower that has faded. No—the public are false, you—pardon me—are false, and I am genuine. You cannot help yourself, because you are a servant of the public. If you speak the true story of life, your books will lie unbought. Why? Every one has so many troubles, that they shrink from the misery of others, be they real or be they false. Every one strives to make their troubles less, even to make them appear as things of delight; they will not face them, they cannot; they will not think of them, they dare not. They are false, and their lives are false, therefore they desire to read the false lives of imagined beings. Ah, you turn up here? I will come no further."

The half-crown rolled from the Bystander's hand, and bounded joyously to the gutter. Jack recovered it. "You had better get yourself a bed," said the Bystander.

Jack thanked the donor quietly. "A bed—no! On such a night as this a park seat should satisfy a Sybarite. I must not stop, or the gates will be closed, and all the seats will be engag'd."

The next meeting occurred in daylight. A sharp wind was blowing through the driving rain. The Bystander hurried along with his head down, until he collided with a gaunt figure, whose tattered garments were soaked, and whose face was shrunk more than usual with cold. "A nice rain," said Jack, when he recognized the bearer of the umbrella. "I don't understand the present necessity for the wind, but the rain is pleasant." He shivered, while the sad water poured through a hole in his hat, dashed upon his nose and thence to the ground. He resembled a drenched gargoyle perched at the summit of some

cathedral tower. "We have had too much dry weather. Rain is badly needed for the streets, the fields and the race-courses. I expect this cold wind is to keep back the crops; I hear they are too forward this year. We enjoy a hot day so much more after such weather as this."

The Bystander possessed neither Jack's philosophy nor his happy adaptability. He had already hurled many angry epithets at the weather, and here was Jack, homeless, penniless Jack, walking about in airy rags and shameless boots, and positively eulogizing the wind and the rain. The Bystander tried to feel ashamed of himself, and passed away, with the shivering voice behind still quavering, "Yes, a beautiful warm rain."

On an expedition to the national treasure house in Great Russell Street, the Bystander was fortunate enough to meet Jack, not indeed in the Museum, but proceeding thereto, with brightened eye, from the tavern opposite. Part of the mystery of the Fall became apparent. Jack was gorgeous, not indeed in purple and fine linen, but in some linen, and boots that were partners. He was jubilant. He had come into a fortune, to use his own expression. A review had accepted an article (written upon Government-given paper with the equally gratuitous pen), had published the same, and paid for it, to the extent of twelve golden sovereigns. In cold figures Jack proved his ability to live "in needless luxury" upon twenty pounds per annum; so here was he provided for, at one happy stroke, for the greater part of the twelve months. The Bystander bethought him of the tavern, and sighed for human frailty. "Here is the half-crown that you were kind enough to lend me on a former occasion," said Jack. "Affluence," he continued, "is surely the root of happiness, as we understand it. Money in

the pocket makes the sun to shine, and gives the heart confidence. At the present time I feel that I have a right to a name."

"And a coat of arms," added the Bystander, with a touch of cynicism, but Jack was forgiving, with the forgiveness that cheap brandy brings. He echoed the words. "Why not? Twelve sovereigns or, upon a field azure; in the second, a litterateur, attired vert, once sable, his face sanguine—"

"And nose gules," added the Bystander sharply. "Where are you going now?"

Jack removed his hat, and rubbed tenderly against the decayed nap. "I'm going back to the Reading-Room—my office, I call it. If I sell one more article, I can retire for this year. I shall buy several pounds of tobacco, walk into the country and lie in the fields all day."

Some months passed. The Bystander had left London to its dust and sparrows, although he did not spend his leisure consuming nicotine in grass-fields. One night in late October he saw the familiar bundle of rags beside the stall in the Edgware Road, and he came upon Jack, drinking his penny-worth of coffee, and reading by the greasy light of the lantern from a small edition of the "Odyssey." "Picked it up for twopence this afternoon," he explained. "Lovely night, ain't it?"

The Bystander had not thought so. The wind was biting, and charged with the strange unpleasant odor of the autumn, while now and again came a few great drops of rain.

But Jack was satisfied. "A fresh wind cleanses the place, blows away the germs of disease, purifies the atmosphere by sweeping off the accumulations of carbonic-acid gas." He slapped his hands together, and stamped his feet. "Cold weather is seasonable now. If I choose to go about insufficiently attired, I must

expect to feel chilled. The wind is not tempered to the worn-out ram."

The Bystander, not feeling disposed to stand in the cold, asked, "How are you doing?" Jack swallowed the dregs in his mug sadly. "I have lost all my money," he replied, with the air of a man who has been defrauded of thousands. "I could not indulge in my contemplated retirement, after all."

This was the last glimpse that the Bystander was afforded of Jack as an individual; but the class of which he is a type remains, and will be always with us. Jack had introduced him to several friends, who had foregathered in the shades between Great Russell and New Oxford Street, grave elderly men, unkempt, but courteous. How politely they raised their hats, gingerly lest the brim should come away! How eloquently they talked, upon every subject, from Sanskrit roots to the latest methods of applying electricity! How interesting they were, sometimes how brilliant, and always how thirsty! There were those who had been benefited clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, doctors and engineers, and not unknown many of them in their day, when they had possessed a name and an individuality. Among themselves they passed by their Christian names; no reference was allowed to the remote past; it was an offence to refer to a comrade as a gentleman, or to remind him that he had ever been a creature of a higher sphere. The Bystander, not aware of this, blundered, but his lesson was taught him by a reverend old fellow, who might have been a general masquerading in rags, "I am not a gentleman, sir. I am a most damnable deadbeat!"

Can these men ever dare to sleep? Are they never visited by dreams? Can they even think, without calling up a host of sad pale ghosts—home, wife, child? Perhaps they have drunk of bitterness, until their souls know not of memory. Let us hope

so; for the peace of the Great Unnamed, let us hope so.

"Old Jack?" said one of the lost, when the Bystander made an inquiry one winter's day. "Yes, I have missed him of late. Come down here, and we'll ask James." They passed together down a side street through a door, and into a room that might have been called the Place of Derelicts. The Bystander coughed, because of the fumes of strong tobacco and the sickly odor of stale spirits.

"James, where's old Jack?" James looked up; he was arguing with another wreck, and liked not interruption. "Old Jack? He's gone." James went on with his argument, and when the Bystander asked for enlightenment, he condescended to become more communicative. "Just before Christmas he was taken with pneumonia, and went into the Middlesex. I went to see

him, and he explained to me that dying was the very best thing that could happen to him. I dare say he was right. What? Well, thank you. Three-penn'orth of Scotch, please, miss."

The following month the Bystander picked up a magazine, and found therein in an article, signed "John Sawyer;" this was the departed Jack's pseudonym. Had that article been published and paid for on the previous month, the author's life might have been prolonged. How he must have craved for that check! How disappointed, as month after month slipped away, and the article did not appear! The kindly publican would have received in due course the letter that contained the check. He must be waiting, still waiting, for the wistful face at the swing-doors, and the anxious question, "Anythin' for ole Jack?"

Ernest G. Henham.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF A SCOTS FAMILY.

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I!

Charles Kingsley.

On the shores of a rock-bound inlet, swept by rude winds, and hung about for more than half the year by driving curtains of mist, there stood when last century was young a few poor cottages packed away from the rest of the world on the fringe of the Orkney group. These cottages were inhabited by a family named Ross, and by sundry others all more or less closely related to the dominant stock. These people were a hard-bit breed, spare, weather-beaten and big of limb, fisher-folk who risked life and health during most of

the days of each year upon the treacherous coast, and tilled a few square yards of grudging soil to supplement the meagre living that they wrested from the sea.

The oldest man in the village was the head of the Ross family, a stalwart who had been out in the '45, and had reaped only hard times and an ill-name from that loyal sowing of a bad crop. His eldest son, a dour, harsh man, silent, thoughtful and beset by trivial cares, toiled ceaselessly during the days of all his dull life to support a huge family of hungry, ungainly sons and daughters, and lay awake of nights wondering despondently how it would fare with those he loved when God called a truce to his long struggle with

Fate. Too many mouths to fill, and far too little wherewith to fill them—that was the insoluble problem which stared him in the face. The infertile soil cried the question to him from its bleak furrows; the crash of the surf reiterated it; the wind howled it around the rotting eaves; but answer there came none. The monotony of toil, the constant effort, the certainty of failure at the end of it—for what had sufficed for a few was patently inadequate to the needs of the growing clan—hung over his life like a brooding shadow. The hopelessness of it wore this man down inch by inch; the darkness of the future walled him in as sadly as did the fogs that hung damp and chill around his home.

His children must move on and out. So much was certain; but whither, and to what end? His father, still known as a fanatical Jacobite, was a barrier closing many careers to those who were his immediate offspring; his fierce anger and the strong prejudices of the family forbade the King's service by land or sea. For the rest, the stubborn facts of geography limited the chances of the clan. The Orkneys in those days were the very rim of the world; the men and women who dwelt there were cut off almost entirely from their kind.

How should the great god Opportunity visit these lusty, ravenous youngsters in the banishment that was their home? Yet come he did, though it was in a disguise which at the time seemed shabby enough, the bearer of a gift so paltry that no man might dream of the golden things which lay hidden in his cunning hands.

"A whaler, bound for a five years' cruise, put into the cove seeking to fill gaps in its complement which had been caused by an encounter with a press-gang, and grim George Ross sent his two eldest boys to sea in her, despite the wailing of the womenfolk and the

snivelling of the youngsters themselves.

With the doings of the whaler all up and down the world I have no concern, until three years later we meet her again, brimming over with oil and blubber, putting in to water in a creek in the coast of Northern China. She waddled into the uncharted port, which was split in two by a projecting headland of tall, red rock, and sent most of her crew ashore to gather the fuel and fill the water-butts. Then her skipper sat him down in her tiny cabin and read the "Pilgrim's Progress," which with the Bible and a few primitive technical books formed the whole of the ship's library, and as he followed Christian upon his wonderful way, suddenly his vessel was seized by the children of Apollyon. The skipper floundered up from below, using language which would have set honest John Bunyan doing fantastic penances for a twelve month, but a glance around showed him in an instant that resistance was hopeless. Six file of marines and twice as many bluejackets, all fully armed and wearing an exceedingly business-like air, crowded the narrow decks.

Two bearded officers, with sun-tanned faces worn hard by foul weather, trailed swords at the belts of their soiled, nondescript uniforms. The skipper, tugging ruefully at his forelock, recognized the servants of Old John Company, the dominant power in all the Eastern world; so curbing his tongue and smothering his rage, he invited them to drink with the best grace that he could command.

The officers clanked down the rough ladder and seated themselves at the table, while the skipper waited upon them with obsequious care.

"Sorry to trouble you, skipper," said the senior lieutenant, "but the devil must have his own, and Old John Company must be served next. Our ship—

a seventy-four—is at anchor round the bluff yonder, and there she'll have to bide until she becomes a hulk unless we can get some one to navigate her back to Calcutta."

"Cholera," panted the junior officer, emerging suddenly from his tin mug, in which his nose and the greater part of his face had been buried. "Carried off both our navigators. The old barge is like a hobbled horse, and has been these two months past. We could put to sea and risk it, of course, but somehow Calcutta seems an awesome distance away, and the rocks lie spattered all over the sea-bottom 'twixt there and this as thick as the raisins in a plum-duff."

"So the long and the short of it is," chimed in the senior officer, "that you must make shift to spare us the services of some one who can navigate our vessel for us."

"There will be nae sic a body aboard this hooker, so help me!" began the skipper, but the officers cut him short. A whaler did not find its way round the world and back again by means of "plumb and guess," they said, and where a boat carried a navigating officer she was sure to have at least one understudy. This they impressed upon the skipper, emphasizing their points by jaw-cracking sea-oaths, and hinting that it would be easy for a ship in the service of the Company to gut a whaler, maroon her crew, and thereafter to go upon her way without fear of consequences. The skipper, after one frantic outburst of profanity, resigned himself to the inevitable. He realized that he was completely in the power of his unwelcome visitors, and he knew that men were not accustomed to be over-scrupulous in their dealings with their fellows when chance threw them together on the coasts of far Cathay—a land where no law ran save that of the strong right arm. None the less, the Scots soul of him set him

groping for a bargain. His mate, who was the only skilled navigator beside himself that the whaler carried, was also his best boat-steerer, and the loss of his services would be a grievous business. On the other hand, George Ross, the elder of the two brothers, had shown a remarkable aptitude for the acquirement of all sea-farers' lore during the period of his service upon the whaler, and he was now quite capable of undertaking the task required by the Company's officers. By dint of skilful prevarication, some good solid lying, and by unblushing praises of young Ross, the skipper at last contrived to induce the officers to agree to his proposals, and the youngster, who had stood looking supremely raw-boned and awkward while he listened to his captain's unwonted eulogy, was soon placed in the gig, side by side with his small bundle. At the last moment his brother, who had not the slightest intention of allowing himself to be separated from his kinsman, leaped down beside him from the deck of the whaler, before the skipper had divined his purpose or had been able to put out a hand to stay him.

"I'll take this lad as a make-weight," shouted the senior lieutenant, and the bluejackets laughed at the whaler's discomfiture as they bent to their oars. So the skipper watched the Rosses being borne away from him, and as he spat into the sea and sent a comet's tail of unpublishable adjectives after the spoilers in a prudently well-modulated voice, there was nought to tell him that he, that day, by his casual action, had laid the foundation-stone upon which the fortunes of a whole family were to be reared, and had forged yet another link in the great chain with which the British Empire girdles the world about.

George Ross, hard-headed, stolid young Scotsman that he was, took hold

of his task of guiding the big, unwieldy ship upon her path through the unfamiliar seas with a calm self-reliance that bred confidence in his fellows. Navigation was no easy matter in those days for the sea-wanderers of the East, for men were still discovering the whereabouts of sunken reef and treacherous shoal by the simple process of running their vessels' noses into them; and many a good ship went to pieces in these uncharted waters, while her crew died dreadful deaths at the hands of the savage folk who dwelt on the seashore, or lumbered up and down the coasts in misshapen junks seeking what they might devour. But young George Ross faced all the dangers of the deep, keeping his own counsel, scanning the rude maps and the pilot stars, alert, silent, grim, old and wise of a sudden with that age and wisdom which come to a man before his time under the splendid burden of responsibility.

Adown the long coast-line of China the ship passed, then wallowed through the trough of the sea that stretches from Hongkong to Singapore—thriving marts and harbors now, which were then unpeopled islands whose very names were unknown to white men—the sea which lies between Indo-China to the Philippines. Through the narrow Straits of Malacca young Ross led her, looking out upon either hand at the mysterious forest-world where Malayan kings and nobles, peasants and slaves, lived lives unfettered by ethics in a land where Might stalked triumph, and Right was an empty name. And so across the rollers of the Indian Ocean he sailed her, until upon a certain day the mouth of the Hughli spread its mud flats before her, and she swept proudly by its shallows to drop her anchor abreast of old Calcutta grilling agonizingly under the June sun.

It was counted a big performance for

so young an adventurer even in those days when men wrought on a giant scale in Asia, and Warren Hastings, who knew a man when he saw one, lost no time in appointing George Ross to a commission in the Company's navy. Travel, which ever tends to widen a man's outlook, had freed the youngster from some of the prejudices bred in him by his fanatical grandfather; or perhaps he salved his conscience by the recollection that, though he was now in Government service, he was not in truth a King's man, since his immediate master was Old John Company. Be that how it may, George Ross clutched eagerly at the chance thus unexpectedly offered to him, and with the silent, calm, dogged self-reliance and determination, which he owed to his hard-bit ancestors, he pushed his way by sheer merit and force of character through all the ranks of the service, until he found himself in command of a frigate, with the destinies of a big ship's company in his hands. His brother went into trade, and did a good business among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago; and George, too, acquired a fair share of wealth, for in those days the Indian navy was in reality a large armed merchant fleet whose officers knew how to make bargains as shrewd as the blows they gave and took. Luck, which always befriended him, as she is wont to befriend the capable, sent him with the filibustering expedition which, under the leadership of Sir Stamford Raffles, wrested Java and its twenty millions of brown subjects from the Dutch, and during the peaceful years that followed, the instinct of his people asserted itself in George Ross, and he, the offspring of the Orkney fisher-folk who had fashioned their own crafts ever since the beginning of things, started a shipbuilding yard, and laid down the keels of many a fine vessel for the use of the Company he served.

And so the world went well with George Ross, and the East claimed him for its own; but somewhere deep down in his Scotsman's heart the memory of his own people, struggling for a bare living among the shoals and under the fog-banks in that distant island, kept itself warm, and set him aching with pity for the hard lot which he longed increasingly to better. With all the color and the warmth of the East around him, with his own days made easeful for him by crowds of serfs and dependents—for this was the age of anti-slavery legislation—the contrast presented by his own fate to that of his kindred, who labored hopelessly in the cold dankness of their bleak Scottish home, smote him with a pang of distress. And little by little a dream took shape and gathered form and strength—a dream that he would some day return to the Orkneys, and gathering all his kindred around him bear them back to that land of perpetual sunshine which he had learned to love. It was a pleasant castle in the air, and all the more dear to George Ross because he was in general a stolid man of action, little given to the weaving of such fantasies. Yet it recurred to him whenever he had time for thought, keeping him company through the few idle hours that were his during those strenuous years, and so often as the dream visited him his jaw would set with that grim, square firmness which, his people knew, betokened a determination that was wont to make even things seemingly impossible to come to pass.

Thus time sped, bringing to George Ross days packed with incidents big and little, days made rich by brave effort and the fruitful toil of body and mind, until at last there dawned for him, and for all whose fortunes hung upon those of Sir Stamford Raffles, the year of the great heartbreak.

Who among us all in Eastern Asia

does not know the tale of that bitter tragedy? How Sir Stamford, brave and steadfast as ever, his noble spirit refusing to be crushed though the worst of all possible things had befallen him, announced to his guests, assembled around him on an occasion of rejoicing, that a despatch which had just been handed to him contained the mandate of the British Government restoring Java—his Java!—to Holland, and so laid his lifework in ruins about his feet! The splendid empire which had been wrested from the Dutch by the courage of Hastings stimulated by the genius and foresight of Raffles, which had been seized by the dash and valor of a mere handful of Englishmen, and which had been transformed in less than a decade into a smiling paradise by the wisdom and self-devotion of its governors, was lost to us forever—lost, be it remembered, because the despatches in which Sir Stamford disclosed the richness of the new colony lay neglected in a pigeon-hole of the Foreign Office! Years after these priceless documents were unearthed, their seals still unbroken, and too late was learned the magnitude and the splendor of the chance that indolence had missed. To all those who care for England's greatness the loss of Java is a bitter memory, but to me the tragedy is sorest in that it surrendered the destinies of millions of the brown peoples that I love to the keeping of Holland. The theory which governs the Dutch colonial system is based upon the principle that over-seas possessions should be administered for the profit of the alien rulers and their fatherland, not for the benefit of their oriental inhabitants. This was the selfish motive that first led white men to seek empire in the East; but whereas the British have learned a nobler wisdom with the passing years, the Dutch hold fast to their ancient way. Therefore the Malayan races which people the Nether-

lands India of to-day are sweated and taxed more drastically than ever they were under their own rulers, since the Government of a native *râja* is too feeble and inefficient to even oppress its people thoroughly, the flesh being passing weak, no matter how willing the spirit of evil. Great Britain, on the other hand, works on a more generous, more altruistic principle, devoting the revenues of her Asiatic dominions to the development of the country from which they are derived, and to the good of the natives whose toil has contributed to the common wealth. And thus it has come to pass that the sin of some obscure shirker of duty has been visited upon countless human beings in fullest measure, and without hope of remedy. It is not pleasant to think of the weight of the responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of that unknown bureaucrat.

How much of this Sir Stamford foresaw, peering into the future with the clear eyes of genius, who can say? but none can doubt that the bitterness of death was his in that hour which witnessed the destruction of his hopes, his dreams. For the men who loved him, those who had fought, and striven, and endured at his bidding and by his side, it seemed as though upon a sudden their world had been shattered to fragments. The heart for further effort was filched from them. What profited it, they asked, to toil and labor if the end were to be such as this? It was a sullen crew of disappointed men, with fierce anger in their hearts, that stood by Java during those last sad days and handed the land they loved over to the jubilant Dutchmen, who had never thought to look again upon the empire they had lost. And of this slender band of Britishers the most sullen and the most angry was dour George Ross.

By the terms of the treaty with Holland all ships still upon the slips after

a certain date became the property of the Dutch, and Ross had recently begun the construction of a fine vessel that was to him as the apple of his eye. In his grief and rage he sought comfort in work, which is ever the strong man's best and surest panacea. Whatever England's folly might surrender to Holland, his ship, he swore, should not help to swell the tale; yet it seemed barely possible that the new vessel could be completed and launched ere the fateful date arrived. Men dinned this opinion into Ross's ears, but he set his heavy jaw squarely, and was silent, only he got him to work as though a demon of unrest possessed him. Heavens! how that man toiled! Toiled by day, with his slaves and craftsmen panting and sweating around him under the pitiless sun; toiled by night, drenched by the heavy dews and the dank sea-fogs; toiled early and late, with eyes blazing in their sunken sockets and aching from long watching, with body grown lean, and mind half maddened by the terrible strain! And once again "the thing that couldn't" was *made* to happen by the sheer grit and force and resolution of the man; so on the eve of the great surrender the *George Ross*, a mere shapeless hull with masts and rigging ready but still to fix, slid off the slips into the clear water at Tanjong Prfuk, under the very noses of the wrathful Dutchmen!

Taking all of his dependents who were willing to follow his fortunes on board his new ship, Ross set sail for Bencoolen, which was then the Company's principal factory in the eastern archipelago, to which port Raffles had preceded him. Here he visited his old chief, and asked for his pay, which, as was the custom of those days, was some years in arrears. But the Bencoolen treasury was ill-stocked, and all the money needed to satisfy Ross's claim was not forthcoming.

"It matters not," he said to Raffles.

"After this scuttle from Java I have little stomach for further service. Give me my ship in full settlement, and I am content." For a voice whispered to him that his days of labor were over and done, and that now, perchance, the time had come in which to enter the castle of his dreams.

So George Ross bade a long farewell to the chief he had served and loved, manned his vessel with a swarthy Malayan crew, and sailed away from Sumatra across the broad bosom of the Indian Ocean. He had realized all his property, and he headed for home after his many years of exile with a goodly store of wealth stowed in his lockers—a very different man to the raw youngster who had snivelled miserably on board the whaler as she put out from the little cove in the Orkneys. And as luck would have it, he lighted by chance upon a tiny atoll—a narrow belt of coral-reef girt about a fair lagoon—which lies like a speck in the very heart of those troubled seas.

I, moi qui vous parle, came one day long after to that lovely refuge of the ocean-tossed. During four weary nights and days, ever since our gun-boat had broken out of the Straits of Sunda, and had left behind her the smiling fields and orchards of Java, the noble forests of Sumatra, and Krakatau squatting black and awful on the seas between them like some devil's watch-dog, we had suffered many and grievous things. The mast-high seas had made a sport of us, rushing upon us in frantic horse-play. Our ship had entered into the frolic like a terrier pup romping with a pack of mastiffs, flinging herself at the throats of the rollers, and wagging her tail with its wildly racing screw. During that unspeakable time we had clung to our bunks and to the dripping decks, our bones well-nigh rattled free of their joints, the very souls of us churned into lather, our eyes blinded by the

curtains of spray, our ears aching with the din of the tumult. Then of a sudden came a great peace. Through the narrow portal in the reef we glided into the lagoon. The ravening winds were hushed; the uproar of the seas was stilled to a distant murmur of breaking surf; and all around us lay the seas and shores of Fairyland. As we slipped onward through waters bluer far than those of the azure Mediterranean, the white coral bottom seemed but a fathom distant. Upon it was raised a world of dainty tracery, tinted with a thousand delicate hues, set with strange growths of colored seaweeds, sponges and aquatic plants of every form and variety of beauty. Sea-anemones with tentacles thrown wide, prismatic patches of jelly-fish, and brilliant shells, like gems carved wonderfully, clung to the niches of the rocky floor, and through that dainty paradise fishes in number past all counting glinted and flashed, or hung for an instant poised and motionless. Around us on every side the fronds of cocoanuts rose and sank in the breeze, fretting the skyline—palm-trees in such serried ranks that though a month or two earlier 30,905 had perished in a cyclone, no gap was visible in all their unbroken front. And a mile or two distant across the calm water the dusty-colored thatched roofs of the settlement rose in little pyramids between the greenery above and the whiteness of the coral sand below them.

But it was upon a somewhat different world that George Ross looked out that day long ago, for he was the first of all his kind to find this hidden cranny of the earth. No palms grew then above the low wall of coral sand which glistened in every part of its white oval; no sign of man was anywhere, and Settlement Island was nameless and untrodden. Yet withal it seemed a goodly place, and behold it was his own by right of discovery. He, who

himself has been the first to penetrate into the Unknown, alone can understand the spell, the mysterious charm, that is imparted by the sense of exclusive possession thus adventurously won. So George Ross annexed the island in the name of England, for such was the fashion of his time, and made a special reservation in favor of himself and those he loved. Here, he said, was the land in which the dream should at last come true!

Then he sailed away to Madagascar, rounded the Cape, ploughed through the belt of sweltering tropic seas which fringes the awful Coast, and then through sterner waters, till at length he dropped his anchor in the little cove, which had shrunken so inexplicably in his absence, and made known his new self to his ragged and wondering relatives. Death had made many gaps in that crowd of hungry folk, and the old people had passed to their hard-earned rest. But the others had increased and multiplied, and the problem which had puzzled George's father remained still unsolved. I like to think of him, the stern ship's captain who had braved many dangers, wrought many deeds, and learned to know a world which then was wider far than now, sitting in the poor hut where he had been born, telling wondrous tales to the simple folk his kindred, and hearkening gladly to the kindly Scots speech. I like to think of him, too, bringing ease and comfort to many to whom such things had always been strangers; but I know that very soon the narrowness of the old life began to irk him sorely, that the inaction wearied him, that the dankness of the fogs set his bones aching and his heart crying out for the sunshine and the luxuriant beauty of the East. And evermore these feelings grew within him, until at last he had no choice but to return to the lands which he had quitted.

Through all the days of his ex-

ile the clannishness which is innate in his countrymen had never weakened, and now that he could no longer rest content in his old home, he was unwilling to depart unless a goodly number of his relatives would follow him towards the sunrise. They had nothing to lose and everything to gain; and perhaps, too, they had come not only to trust but to love this masterful kinsman who had dropped suddenly into their midst out of the gray sky, and promised them so goodly a future if they would but surrender themselves to his guidance.

So George Ross victualled his ship once more for a long voyage, and collected his sisters and his cousins and his aunts and every male relative he could lay his hands on, and sailed away from the Orkneys for the last time. After many days he reached his atoll—the Cocos Keeling Islands, as they are now called—and set about the making of a new colony with all his old energy and skill. But when the end of his journey was reached a disappointment awaited him, for a man named Hare, who had been connected with the younger Ross in some of his business, had found the island during George's absence, and had settled upon it together with a number of his native slaves. Ross did not allow the protests and the claims of the unfortunate Hare to move him from his purpose by so much as a fraction of an inch, for he was one not easily moved; but the presence of the intruder irked him, and the rival colonists lived on terms of almost open hostility. The details of what happened are not known, nor can they now be ascertained, but in the space of a year or so all Hare's dependents deserted to the Ross faction, and Hare himself either died a natural death or was quietly eliminated. At any rate he ceased to be, and grim George Ross reigned in his stead.

This was the last struggle of the old

seaman. The remainder of his days was spent in leisure or in the pleasant toll of building up his colony—the dream-castle in which, unlike the vast of visionaries, he had come to dwell. He took to himself a wife from among his own people, and in his island-home a son was born to him—a silent, studious, rather delicate youth, whose character was so foreign to that of his hard old sire as to be altogether beyond the latter's comprehension. George Ross would like to have bred a man hard-bit and stubborn-willed as himself, one who would have ruled the little community with an iron hand such as its founder had used; but since Fate had ordered things otherwise, he did his best by the boy, sending him home to Scotland, there to receive a good education in school and university.

Young Ross returned to the island a year or two before the old man's death, bearing with him a cargo of books; and when he came into his own he settled down to a hermit's life out there at the quiet limits of the world. He took a wife from among the Cocos-born natives, the descendants of the slaves and dependents who had accompanied his father and the ill-fated Hare from Java and the archipelago, and many sons and daughters were born to him. But under his mild and absent-minded rule the little colony languished and fell upon evil days, for Ross the younger had a poor head for business of any sort. The tale is told of how he hit upon the notion of sending a cargo of lime to Calcutta, where it arrived welded into a solid block of cement by the seas which had been shipped on the voyage, so that much good money had to be disbursed ere the stuff could be chipped out of the hold by the aid of pickaxes; and this, I fear, was typical of his projects. Nonetheless, he scraped enough money together to send his eldest son to Scotland to be educated, and thereafter surrendered himself to

the one passion by which he was possessed. This was the study of philosophy in all its branches, and the development and construction of a complete system of his own—a Scots predilection surely, and one perhaps which he may have owed to some far-off unknown ancestor. His, to my thinking, is a figure at once fantastic and pathetic—the man who can have known so very little of men and the lives of men, sitting here musing and dreaming in the heart of the unsailed seas, framing the Great System which he fondly hoped was to revolutionize the universe; a bowed, short-sighted, prematurely aged man, terribly alone in spirit, who all the while was so pitifully incapable of directing the affairs of the tiny world over which he actually ruled.

But his son, George Ross II, was a man of a different type—a big, hard-featured fellow, swarthy of skin, and strong of will and limb, who would surely have been a grandson after the old sea-captain's own heart. Presently this son returned from Scotland, and at once a change was wrought in the life of the sleepy island. He cared not for books save in so far as they aided him to master practical things; and he smiled at his father's philosophy and ineptitude, albeit it was with no unkindly smile. He saw at a glance that the island and its drowsy, indolent community would surely die of sheer inanition unless something were done, and that speedily; wherefore he introduced the curse of Adam into the little Eden with a thoroughness that dismayed his brethren, and set the ease-loving natives in a panic. Casting about in his mind for something that would grow upon that sandy soil, the fruit of which might bring wealth to the colony, he naturally thought of cocoanuts; nor did he take rest until he had taught his people, men and women alike, to plant and pick the husk, and

to clean and prepare the copra in a manner which brings for the Cocos stuff the best price of any on the market. All this took years to accomplish, for young George Ross had first to learn himself, and then to impart his acquired knowledge to each one of his reluctant fellows; and during all those years his father pondered and dreamed, while the manuscript of the *magnum opus* grew portentously. At last there came a day when the philosopher wrote *Finis* in his fine, cramped handwriting at the foot of the last page, and, laying down his pen, laid his life down with it; for what did it profit him to live longer in this world of banishment now that his great task was ended, and his service to mankind rendered for all time?

But when it became known among the people of the island that old Ross had been gathered to his fathers, the natives, who had hoped against hope that he might yet awake to free them from his son's inexplicable passion for work, got up an ugly little riot with a view to doing the job for themselves. Then, in that outbreak against things practical—things which had never been dear to the dead man—the precious manuscript to which the philosopher had devoted so much of thought, and care, and toil, was burned in the flames which devoured the Ross homestead, and so the Great System ended in smoke, as so many great systems have ended both before and since—a fitting consummation to the tragedy of a life.

But George Ross II had now come to his kingdom, and his hand closed upon it with an iron grip. The natives found that he was an ill man to fight with or to cross, and the poor-spirited little rebellion against the fate of the able-bodied fizzled out ignominiously. Work—good, honest, manual labor for five and a half days a week—had come to stay, and presently a generation grew up, as generations grow in the

prolific East, which regarded toil as the common lot of man.

But George Ross, who had as great a passion for constructing a practical Utopia as his father had had for weaving visions upon paper, did not rest there. He had himself passed through engineering shops and the shipbuilding-yards of the Clyde ere ever he left Scotland, and he now opened shops of his own on this island of the Indian Ocean, turned the likeliest of his men into skilled artisans, and proclaimed that in future no lad should be suffered to take unto himself a wife until he had graduated as a master carpenter and blacksmith. Next he imported a large shipload of teak from Batavia, and set to work—for the old instinct of his forebears was strong in him—to build a schooner, undaunted by the fact that he alone in all the island possessed any technical knowledge. He told me that he drove every rivet in that ship with his own hands, that he dreamed of her for months and loved her like his own child, and when at last she floated out upon the lagoon she was the prettiest thing of her size in Asia. George Ross had married an islander some years before, and now his sons and daughters and those of his brother Charles were of an age to receive a proper education. It was in order that he might the more conveniently transport these little people to Europe that the schooner had originally been designed. The colony was thriving now. Its population of 300 Cocos-born natives had been augmented by the importation of Bantamese contract laborers. The annual shipload of copra was bringing in a constant and satisfactory revenue. But George Ross was an economist who, true to the traditions of his thrifty stock, never wasted money needlessly. Accordingly he made up his mind to save the cost of passage-fares for himself and his children, which would have amounted to several

hundreds of pounds, and to try his maiden hand at navigation on a big scale, as his grandsire had done before him.

Packing the women and children on board the schooner, manning her with a native crew, and taking his brother with him as mate, George Ross set off upon a voyage which to the average man would have seemed as adventurous as any undertaken by the sea-rovers of old. For months he and his brother took watch and watch about; they had a compass, a sextant, a five-year-out-of-date book of sailing directions, and a certain amount of rule-and-thumb knowledge to aid them; but behind and above these things were the sea-instinct of their race and the strength of will and unshakeable resolution of George Ross himself. More than once shipwreck and ruin threatened them; they met with calms that foreboded famine, with storms that well-nigh engulfed them; but the vessel which Ross had built with his own hands, and now navigated fearlessly across the unknown seas, fought gallantly through all dangers, and brought her master safe into the Clyde at last. The strain to which George Ross and his brother must have been subjected during that journey is something which it is not easy for the ordinary man to imagine. Think of it! Four hours of duty alternating with four hours of broken rest, turn and turn about for months; ceaseless vigilance, any relaxation of which might mean death to all whom these two men held most dear; a weight of responsibility which was made more heavy by their consciousness of little knowledge; and all God's elements to struggle with and overcome! Verily these were *men* who, "aching for an hour's sleep, dropping off between," yet brought their desperate enterprise to a successful issue, spoke of it in after years light-heartedly as of a common thing, and them-

selves bore no marks scarred by the stress of all that they had endured!

It was a proud day for George Ross when his schooner was registered at Lloyd's, for men wise in the craft marvelled at her beauty and her finish; and she was presently classed "A1, sixteen years," the which is the highest rating that has ever been given to a sailing-ship of this type. If aught were needed to show the genius of the man, the fact that he, alone and unaided by skilled labor, had builded such a vessel as this schooner on a remote island of the Indian Ocean, far beyond the reach of all modern appliances, were surely proof enough.

George and Charles Ross sailed her back again to their atoll when their business in Scotland had been transacted, and for many years she served them faithfully. Then in an evil hour she vanished, leaving no trace behind her. She put out of the lagoon upon her last voyage, having on board, in addition to her native crew, a crowd of unruly Italian seamen whom ill-luck had cast ashore on the Cocos Islands. These ruffians had already given much trouble to the Rosses in return for many kindnesses, and their hosts were glad to ship them to Batavia by the first opportunity. The pilot, when he returned to Settlement Island, reported that the foreigners were showing signs of a disposition to mutiny before the schooner was well clear of the harbor, but what happened later no man knows.

"She *couldn't* have foundered," said George Ross to me with tears in his eyes. "I know she *couldn't*! I built her myself!" And when the howling of the monsoon keeps sleep far from him, he lies gnashing his teeth and torturing himself by picturing his darling tramping among the islands of the Pacific, robbed of her very name, and reluctantly yielding service to strangers who have no notion of how such a gem

of a craft should be handled and humored.

Since the days of his wonderful journey to Scotland, George Ross has paid many visits to the old country; but be where he may, his heart is ever in the distant Arcadia over which he rules supreme. So far from the madding crowd this little island has lain since old George Ross first chanced upon it, that the Scots family, whose story is surely one of the bravest of the barely noted romances of which the tale of the British Empire is compact, has been able to exert upon its people a unique and undivided influence, fashioning the minds and souls of men and women sprung from an inferior race into a nearer approximation to a higher model. Such an experiment, aided by many years and such complete isolation, has never before been possible in Malayan lands, and the results are extremely curious. The ability of the lower stock to rise to higher things has been amply proved, and it is interesting to note how many distinctively Scots qualities have been grafted on to the orientalism of the Cocos-born Malays. They have developed much of Scottish thriftiness, of the Scotsman's love of order, regularity, neatness and cleanliness—all virtues foreign to the race from which they spring. Their women-folk, who tyrannize shamelessly over the men since George Ross has set his face like a flint against the time-honored practice of wife-beating, indulge every Saturday in a wholesale "redding up" of their houses, the like of which is not to be seen in all Asia. Chairs and tables, and knives and forks, have replaced the mat-strewn floors and the food-greased fingers of their fellows in other Malayan lands; and from their spotless dress, which lacks the national *strong*, to their swept and garnished compounds, there is a spick-and-span air about the people and their surroundings which they owe

to their white rulers. More important still, their whole attitude of mind towards many customs of their ancestors has undergone a total revolution, their Muhammadanism, for instance, having become so much modified by contact with Scots prejudice that polygamy is regarded among them as an unclean thing.

Crime of any serious description has been unknown upon the atoll for years. The able-bodied men supply their own night-police, whose chief duty it is to see that moored boats do not break their painters. The whole population works solidly, regularly, cheerfully, and as a matter of course; the indolence of their breed seems to have deserted them, and thus they earn for themselves and their families all the necessaries and the few luxuries that they prize, and have the further satisfaction which is to be derived from the possession of a number of goatskin tokens—the currency of the place—hidden cunningly in an old stocking. Their sole lapse from virtue's way appears to be that they are apt to construct and conceal from the sight of their rulers certain illicit stills—things not unknown in the records of Scotland, but startlingly inappropriate to a Muhammadan people—wherein they brew cocoanut toddy, of which they drink unwisely, in glaring defiance of the Holy Book.

But with their many sound qualities and their few frailties they are a simple, kindly, lovable folk, very trustful of their masters, and cherishing more than a little of the Scotsman's clannish devotion to their Chief—the man who has made them. For in truth this hard-headed son of a dreamer has come very near to realizing a Utopia, a model kingdom free from the worst curses that beset our kind; and if the circumstances amidst which he wrought could have remained constant, his work might perhaps have endured for

ever. But, alas! throughout the East in this age of progress—

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,—

wherefore the days of the long and precious isolation of the Cocos-born are already numbered. The construction of the all-British telegraph cable, which is to gird the Empire about, necessitates the erection of a station on the atoll, and the work is even now in hand. Soon each morning will bring to the Cocos Islands the news of all the world; the rumor of great events will

Blackwood's Magazine.

make itself heard amid those quiet palm-groves; the mighty heart-beat of mankind, which dins insistent in the ears of those who dwell in cities, and spurs us all with a new restlessness, a new discontent, will break upon their eternal silence; and who shall dare prophesy what the results will be for this little Arcadia of the intrusion of strange men and stranger thoughts and ideas upon the island's peace? For myself, I find it in my heart to regret the threatened loss of the simplicity and the seclusion, which have been the tools in the hands of an obscure Scots family wherewith to fashion something so near in likeness to the Perfect State.

Hugh Clifford.

ON THE COLLECTING OF OLD SILVER PLATE.

The mania, passion, or interest of collecting in its various forms dates undoubtedly from prehistoric ages. The necessary instincts for that pursuit are—the power of selection, the avidity for possession, the solicitude for preservation and a strong desire that the results of experience should be handed down intact to posterity.

As civilization gradually grew, it occurred to wealthy individuals to surround themselves with costly objects, pleasing both to the eye and imagination, the idea being perhaps instigated by seeing and admiring the accumulated votive offerings of gold and silver preserved in the temples. Schllemann, in his work on Troy, points to a very high appreciation and standard of craftsmanship in the precious metals existing 1200 B.C. Of this and the Greek plate that followed but little remains; being so easily converted into money for the purposes of war, its de-

struction was inevitable. The few specimens of Roman silver that have survived are mostly cast, which gives them the sense of solidity that is so apparent in bronzes of the time. The discovery some years ago of a mirror and other silver articles of the second century B.C. in the sarcophagus of a woman proves the value attaching to such things for daily use, besides showing how much they must have been cherished, having been selected presumably to accompany her to a future state.

We know that the Romans of the Empire were ardent collectors; but during the dark ages ruled by Frank and Norman and decimated by Guelph and Ghibelline, life and property were so uncertain that any form of collecting was rendered impossible; and it was reserved for such men as the Medicis and the artists of the Renaissance, under ecclesiastical and comparatively

peaceful influence, to once more bring to light and cherish the wonderful forgotten works of the past. From that time to the present day the patronage and knowledge of the art collector have had an important influence on civilization.

In the fifteenth century the artist or craftsman and the purchaser came into close personal contact, for the intermediate dealer of to-day did not exist; and the beautiful works created then by the greatest artists of the time were intended for a highly cultured class, who keenly watched their progress and enthusiastically competed for their possession.

At the present time every possible difficulty is put in the way of an ordinary purchaser who has a design of his own to be carried out, and wishes to interview the working silversmith. He will probably have to begin operations by going to some fashionable retail silversmith's shop and endeavoring to explain his wishes to an assistant who most likely has no knowledge of sectional or other working drawings, though he has a cultivated, earnest manner that disarms suspicion. Eventually this same assistant will apologize for the incompleteness of the work in the vague terms that "the man who made it was a genius, but never would do what he was told." Now this "man" in the majority of instances has only received the working design and no clear instructions, though these may have been supplied to the heads of the wholesale manufacturing firm who employ him; but these instructions have passed through three sets of hands before reaching this particular workman, and the inference is obvious. These manufacturing firms only undertake work for the trade, and are purposely kept in the background to such an extent that sometimes the silver is stamped with the tradesman's mark, who retails it, in place of that

of the firm which has actually done the work. There is at this time a strong feeling of dissatisfaction at their treatment amongst the representative craftsmen; but the matter is difficult to reform. Classes may be formed in technical schools, lectures may be given, examples may be exhibited, but until the artist, the craftsman and the collector once more come together, the mere trader, with his avalanches of meretricious wares and copies, will remain the stumbling block to this special form of art, and the lover of gold and silver work will have to find his pleasure and form his collection from the products of former ages.

During the first half of the last century the opportunities of the Art-collector in every branch were enormous, and men like Bernal, Fountaine, Franks and others, who possessed intuitive insight into what was beautiful, in an age when nothing fine but literature was being created, found few of the pitfalls and snares that beset the silver collectors of the day. Their taste was pronounced eccentric by their contemporaries, who did not appreciate the best things, and they were left undisturbed to select the finest specimens of metal work, and acquire piece by piece exactly what pleased their individual taste.

On looking through the catalogues of the 1851 and 1862 Exhibitions one is struck by the comparatively small number of exhibitors as compared with the exhibits of gold and silver plate. After these two Exhibitions, and when the museums began to acquire specimens by gift and purchase, the public began also gradually to take an interest in old plate, and dealers in it arose on every side, with the disastrous result that the supply of genuine specimens could not meet the demand, and purchasers were soon surrounded

with difficulties that never existed before.

The publication of books of reference on the subject of silver plate has, however, made it more possible to form a scheme of identification and accurate dealing in English silver than any other object of art, for a record has been kept at the Goldsmiths' Hall since the year 1478 of the annual date letters, and, later, of the silversmiths and their marks. One of the earliest and best-known examples of the first alphabet is the Lombardic letter "D" (consequently 1481) on the Anathema Cup belonging to Pembroke College, Cambridge. It is so-called from the inscription "Qui alienaverit anathema sit," which the donor, a Bishop of Winchester, caused to be engraved on the base; most effective words they have proved, as the cup still remains in its original place. The English system of dating plate by a variety of alphabets in succession, makers' marks, and official hall marks has not been followed with the same regularity in other countries, and there is no doubt that the facility of being able to accurately date English specimens gives an additional interest to the collector. The books of reference have made it comparatively easy to gain a vast deal of superficial knowledge, but have also, unfortunately, instructed the forger of old silver how to assign the right marks and correct shape of shield to the proper plate of its period.

A neophyte but would-be collector of silver plate will probably ask the advice of some friend or dealer with regard to his first purchases, and all will go well; he will then fancy he can depend on his own taste and judgment, and will go forth armed with newly acquired information and a card of date letters and hall marks in pursuit of bargains. But the judgment of the beginner must always be uncertain, and, however observant and intelligent, he

cannot altogether hope to steer clear of the fraudulent and delusive trickery lying in wait for him, and which it takes years of the closest study to discover. His failures in purchase can invariably be attributed to one of two causes; either too much has been paid for an object, *i. e.*, out of all proportion to its marketable value, or it is not a genuine piece. Mediocre articles in poor surroundings naturally attract attention, and consequently pieces of most inferior quality are apt to look quite valuable when seen among the heterogeneous mixture in some dark little pawnbrokers' shop. Caution is therefore a desirable quality for collectors. Yet from being too diffident many fine and absolutely genuine objects have been passed by as doubtful. Some years ago a certain gold and enamel cup was offered by two nuns to various dealers and private collectors in Paris, but no purchaser could be found certain enough of his opinion to give their price of about 100*l.* till M. Pichon, the great French connoisseur, immediately recognizing the wonderful intrinsic beauty of the piece, at once secured it; at his death it was bought by a dealer, and finally purchased for 7,000*l.* and presented to the British Museum. Another instance is a service of Roman plate, consisting of thirty-six silver vessels and dishes dug up by some peasants in France, which was also a long time finding a purchaser, though offered at a very low price; the extraordinary freshness of condition, with the apparently modern forms, inspired so much doubt in persons not conversant with the arts of the classic age that its authenticity was discredited; it is now also in the gold room at the British Museum, known as the Chaurouse Treasure, and is pronounced by all experts as absolutely genuine and of the end of the third century. However, such chances as these are not likely to fall any more to the lot of the

ordinary purchaser, as the museums have now an octopus-like system in their research after treasure, with communications reaching far and wide.

Forgery is a large and important question, and the word should include any composition formed out of old genuine pieces as well as any copy cast or wrought purporting to be of an older date. A modern reproduction of an old object will always be found curiously lacking in sentiment, but it is only the close study and recognition of the true sentiment of each period that will give the unerring judgment which frequently enables the expert to decide at the first glance between what is false and what is real. About the middle of the last century many very elaborate forgeries of Gothic and Renaissance designs were produced in Germany, one of which figured prominently in a recent exhibition of silver plate. Fifty years of exposure will give a certain appearance of age to the surface of any metal, and these particular forgeries are comparatively easy to detect, for though there is a great facility of design and execution there is an over-elaboration pervading the whole structure that at once inspires a person proficient in the art of that time with uneasy distrust and doubt.

Recently a much more dangerous class of intellect has devoted itself to false fabrications of these same periods. The French craftsmen have for some centuries proved themselves without rivals for dexterity and accuracy of finish in all branches of metal work; when their strong perceptions of grace and beauty, together with a correct archaeological knowledge, are devoted to the art of forging, the deception is not only most difficult to detect but the articles produced are often very beautiful. From these sources some remarkable frauds in silver work purporting to be of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have in

the last fifteen years found their way into both museums and private collections. I purposely withhold names, but the forger, his agents and the victims are now fairly well known. As a rule some portion or other of the object is original and of the presumed date of the whole, the applied ornament is so in many cases, having been easily acquired off some unsalable ecclesiastical relic. In a cup, the general structure is usually built up out of some small vessel, unimportant in value, but possessing the necessary quality of old hammered silver; after being altered to the desired form, the requisite engraving and decoration are skilfully executed, portions of applied ornament are added, enamelled armorial bearings are introduced and partly obliterated, the whole is gilt after a recipe of the Monk Theophilus, and finally the finished article is either buried in the earth or subjected to certain acids which quickly oxidize and eat away portions of the surface. After clever manipulation the piece has all the appearance of great age; it is then given a bogus pedigree, in which a Duke of Burgundy and a Spanish convent generally figure, and all is ready for the unsuspecting purchaser into whose hands it passes at a very high price and with a great deal of involved mystery. Some of these forgeries are exceedingly beautiful, and prove that the man who made them is capable of executing the finest metal-work, but the exceptionally high prices he can obtain for them as antiques offer too much temptation for him to acknowledge them as merely copies and his own work of the present time.

It is a far easier matter to forge English plate of the succeeding periods, and the amount of spurious silver purporting to be of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries floating about the market is astounding. In some instances the whole piece is cast together with a hall mark; this class of imitation

can be detected by an inspection of the inside, which will show by the granulated surface its false method of manufacture. Sometimes the piece will be hammered and afterwards stamped with false punches, or a good hall mark inserted that has been taken from some small worthless bit; this latter is a very common practice, as it can in some instances only be proved by putting the whole piece through the fire, which causes the solder to melt, though it can frequently be detected by breathing on the surface, when the join may show. Gilding also covers a multitude of sins, amongst them repairs and additions. It is comparatively easy to add fresh metal on to a piece of old silver, but to do this in a satisfactory manner it must eventually be annealed, that is to say, passed through the fire more than once, which process materially affects the surface; this to be recovered must be repolished; it will then look so fresh and new that gilding is employed to mend matters, therefore a piece of antique plate recently gilt should be approached with diffidence. When the demand for three-pronged forks arose these were cast by the score; but every genuine spoon or fork should be of hammered metal capable of being bent at the handle, and these cast articles, not being flexible, can be discovered at once. Three-pronged forks made out of contemporary spoons, with the necessary amount of metal added at the base, are most difficult to tell if they have been subjected to rough usage for some time in order to recover the old appearance of surface; they however generally have a singularly false sense of balance, and prongs in a condition not consistent with the worn state of their hall marks. The Goldsmiths' Company have, among their many prerogatives, a restricted power of fining without recourse to law any person exposing for sale a piece of silver plate below the legal standard

or a falsely marked piece; but as this latter jurisdiction applies only to marks of their own Hall, that is London, the forger has endeavored to circumvent it by conducting his manufactures abroad, the removal of the duty on silver greatly assisting him in the importation of his goods from Augsburg, Nuremberg and Holland. Much fraudulent plate has consequently come to England in this way, and, with well-fabricated local hall marks, has passed through many hands as genuine Elizabethan and Jacobean. I personally knew a man who affected to absolutely despise hall marks, saying he preferred to be entirely guided by his eye and sense of beauty in form. Under these inspirations he formed a very large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver, which subsequently was found to be chiefly composed of these palpable foreign forgeries, all showy in character and each one doubtfully marked. Originally this man had purchased good plate, but, never having made any thorough study of period or any form of art, he had no standard to guide him in his selection, and as his eye gradually became accustomed to the imitations he acquired and saw daily, his judgment began rapidly to deteriorate.

I do not, however, intend to infer that the absence of a recognized hall mark entirely condemns the authenticity of a piece of plate, but as the fact remains that in many instances it was illegal in former times to expose such wares for sale, it proves the practice was unusual; and therefore though the intrinsic worth of unmarked pieces may be recognized by people of perception and very certain judgment, their marketable value will always be materially depreciated. Hall marks may frequently be absent on perfectly genuine specimens through some blow or necessary reparation, as well as through obliteration by over-zealous

cleaning. This absence is often compensated for by a dated inscription or initials of the period, which, if genuine, are a most attractive feature, greatly enhancing the value of any piece, as for some reason the true style of lettering of a former age invariably baffles even the cleverest forger.

In speaking of fraudulent additions these must not be confounded with legitimate repairs and restorations consequent on wear and tear, and which are made in either contemporary or succeeding periods; these are in no way forgeries, and important pieces of plate are frequently found with an additional hall mark upon the repair itself. The gold and enamel cup in the British Museum, which was originally made in the fourteenth century, underwent considerable alterations and restorations about two hundred years later.

The forgeries of the time of George the Third have been greatly fabricated in England, those of pierced design and complicated ornament easily concealing their modern workmanship; they are the class of imitation that, not having a very ready sale in London, find their way eventually into the smaller towns and seaside resorts in hopes of catching the sanguine tourist. To do the sellers of these wares justice, they are themselves frequently extremely ignorant on the subject, having been imposed upon by some travelling dealer.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

I have not made these remarks in any pessimistic spirit, but only in the hope that the enthusiastic, inexperienced buyer may realize how complex the ordinary market for old silver is at this moment. Genuine plate is still to be got, and honest dealers and experts exist whose judgment and advice may be absolutely relied upon.

Gothic and Early Tudor plate so rarely comes into the market that its value cannot be fixed even approximately. Elizabethan and early Jacobean specimens have recently fetched considerably over 20*l.* per ounce, and the plate of the following reigns has a similar value proportionate to its date. Even at its present high price it is a most safe asset; nor is the value frititious, for the genuine plate of England is intimately connected with its history, institutions, corporations and individuals; it is closely representative of the taste, manners and customs of our ancestors, and for these reasons it is not probable that the interest taken in it will ever grow less. Appreciation and competition for examples of a lost art have in past times frequently paved the way to its ultimate resurrection; let us hope it may prove to be the case again, and that the silver workers and artists of this present century will succeed together in raising this craft, from the mediocrity into which it has sunk, to its former high standard of excellence.

Percy Macquoid.

ODE TO JAPAN.

Clasp hands across the world,
 Across the dim sea-line,
 Where with bright flags unfurled
 Our navies breast the brine;
 Be this our plighted union blest,
 Oh ocean-throned empires of the East and West!

Here, rich with old delays,
 Our ripening freedom grows,
 As through the unhasting days
 Unfolds the lingering rose;
 Through sun-fed calm, through smiting shower,
 Slow from the pointed bud outbreaks the full-orbed flower.

But yours,—how long the sleep,
 How swift the awakening came!
 As on your snow-fields steep
 The suns of summer flame;
 At morn the aching channels glare;
 At eve the rippling streams leap on the ridged stair.

'Twas yours to dream, to rest,
 Self-centred, mute, apart,
 While out beyond the West
 Strong beat the world's wild heart;
 Then in one rapturous hour to rise,
 A giant fresh from sleep, and clasp the garnered prize!

Here, from this English lawn
 Ringed round with ancient trees,
 My spirit seeks the dawn
 Across the Orient seas.
 While dark the lengthening shadows grow,
 I paint the land unknown, which yet in dreams I know.

Far up among the hills
 The scarlet bridges gleam,
 Across the crystal rills
 That feed the plunging stream;
 The forest sings her drowsy tune;
 The sharp-winged cuckoo floats across the crescent moon.

Among the blue-ranged heights
 Dark gleam the odorous pines;

Star-strewn with holy lights
Glimmer the myriad shrines;
At eve the seaward-creeping breeze
Soft stirs the drowsy bells along the temple frieze.

Your snowy mountain draws
To Heaven its tranquil lines;
Within, through sulphurous jaws,
The molten torrent shines;
So calm, so bold your years shall flow,
Pure as yon snows above, a fiery heart below.

From us you shall acquire
Stern labor, sterner truth,
The generous hopes that fire
The spirit of our youth;
And that strong faith we reckon ours,
Yet have not learned its strength, nor proved its dearest powers.

And we from you will learn
To gild our days with grace,
Calm as the lamps that burn
In some still holy place;
The lesson of delight to spell,
To live content with little, to serve beauty well.

Your wisdom, sober, mild,
Shall lend our knowledge wings;
The star, the flower, the child,
The joy of homely things,
The gracious gifts of hand and eye,
And dear familiar peace, and sweetest courtesy.

Perchance, some war-vexed hour,
Our thunder-throated ships
Shall thrid the foam, and pour
The death-sleet from their lips:
Together raise the battle-song,
To bruise some impious head, to right some tyrannous wrong.

But best, if knit with love,
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The world-wide dream of peace;
And, smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in faithful hand across the golden years.

Arthur Christopher Benson.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLES CROSS.

When Caradoc Crosby woke up, as he thought, one morning, he became aware that he was in a long light room, whitewashed and with many windows. White-capped figures were moving up and down, and as he turned his eyes he could see that there were beds along the wall. He was lying in one of them. This was odd, but perhaps he was at school in the school's infirmary. That must be it; still it did not seem to be quite like school either. He was not sure if he could move or speak, but there was one person always at hand if you were ill—and he whispered "Biddums?"

A young woman in a white cap, a stranger, came up to him, told him in a cheerful voice that he was better, and gave him something to drink. Then she said distinctly and briefly, watching his eyes: "You were hurt in the railway accident. This is Ashenhead Hospital. You got an internal strain besides the nervous shock; you are better, but you must be quite quiet. We shall take care of you."

Caradoc looked at her; but he was not quite sure whether it was then or sometime afterwards that she said:

"Mr. and Miss Elsworthy send often to inquire for you. Mr. Elsworthy's leg was hurt, so he is laid up, but it's not serious."

"Oh—the old fellow in the corner," said Caradoc indifferently.

"Mr. Elsworthy has a large bookseller's shop in River Street," said the nurse, "and he is curator too at the museum."

"He talked about old books," said Caradoc.

In due time the house-surgeon came,

and, after his professional inspection, mentioned that the money in his patient's possession when he came to the hospital was being taken care of for him. Apparently any luggage he had, had been lost or destroyed in the accident. Had he any friends who might be anxious about him, as he had not yet been able to give a name and address?

"Am I going to die?" asked Caradoc.

"Oh no. I hope not. You're on the mend, but you got a nasty twist and will have to lie up for some time yet."

"My name is Charles Cross," said Caradoc, slowly and carefully, for he was not sure of his memory. "I haven't any friends. I had no luggage with me, only a bag. I am going to Derby to enlist."

"H'm!" said the doctor. "Well, it's no business of mine; but you'll have time here to think twice about that step."

Caradoc was spared questions after this for some time, and he bethought him that he must be careful not to betray himself.

The chaplain came to see him, and it struck him as a clever idea to say "Yes, sir," and "Thank you, sir," when he spoke to him, and as the chaplain was not a university man, and did his task in rather a formal and perfunctory fashion, this astute plan of disguise appeared to answer, for no remarks were made.

As his faculties revived, a certain keen interest in his fellow-creatures revived with it, and he made acquaintance with the man in the next bed to his own; he himself occupied a bed in a corner. This man was a Londoner, a cab-driver, and had once been a gentleman's coachman. He had had an

accident to his cab and had broken his leg. He was conversational and agreeable, as Londoners often are, and very communicative. He told Caradoc about his many troubles, his wife's illness, the death of his "pore little boy" of bronchitis last winter, his own accident, and how he had to pay another man to drive his cab while he was laid up, "though pore little Tommy, if he'd a-lived, could have made shift to do it," a long tale of homely troubles, which silenced the self-pity in his hearer's breast.

"But there, sir," the cabman concluded with a smile, "you don't know much of these sort of anxieties."

"Oh yes I do," said Caradoc, who thought he did; "I've only myself to look to, and here I'm laid up. I'm going to enlist in a regiment going on foreign service."

"Sir, sir, you'd a deal better make it up with them at 'ome," said his friend, "before the chance is took from you."

Caradoc began to think that it was more difficult to play a part than he had expected. He had made up a history and a personality for himself. He did not like telling falsehoods, but if you went under a false name there was no help for it.

The cabman, however, asked no inconvenient questions, and the history was not required till about ten days after the accident. Mr. Elsworthy, walking lame and with a stick came to see him. They shook hands heartily.

"Well, Mr. Cross," said the visitor, "I'm glad to find you're getting on. I've come heartily to thank you for all you did for me and for my daughter."

"I hope Miss Elsworthy is none the worse for her fright?" said Caradoc.

"Not much—wonderfully little. She thought nothing of herself at the time, and I believe she has escaped scot-free. But, Mr. Cross, your conduct both in getting us out of the ruins and stopping the train, is very much to your

credit. The railway company are quite aware of it, and wish me to tell you that they hope to offer you some recognition of your services."

"What? Oh no," said Caradoc, "that's quite needless. Of course I only did what came to hand."

"Just so. But considerable loss of time to yourself has resulted from the accident, and for that you might well demand compensation."

"Damages? Oh, I see. I don't know that it's made much difference. They ought to be made to pay for their confounded carelessness, though!"

Mr. Elsworthy, as he sat on a chair by the bed, looked attentively at its occupant.

Caradoc was haggard and thin, his tanned cheeks were pale, he had not been shaved, and his reddish-brown hair was longer and more curly than fashion demands. His fine blue eyes looked out of black hollows, the long rather slender hand that lay on the counterpane had lost its ordinary healthy sunburn. He looked ill and down on his luck.

"Your friends, sir," said Mr. Elsworthy, in a different and experimental tone, "would probably wish to sue the company for damages, for the sake of others if not for their own."

"It's this way," said Caradoc, suddenly making up his mind. "My father farms a bit of land of his own among the dales yonder. Times have been very bad, and he is uncommonly hard up. He and I have had a difference; I had to leave home and I've not been brought up to any decent trade, so I'm going to enlist—there's nothing else for it. I've got a few pounds. I sold a beast—my own property—and he fetched more than I expected. Very likely the poor old place at home will come somehow to the hammer. Anyway, I'm not the eldest, and the land won't give me a living. I don't care to say exactly where it is. We've seen

better days, and I'm not much credit to it."

Mr. Elsworthy looked and listened. Caradoc had never been to a Public School, but to the Northborough grammar school, and the accent of the dales still clove to his tongue. There were plenty of small landowners in that district of whom his story would have been probable enough—the exact social status of each one might have been difficult to determine.

"Well," said Mr. Elsworthy, "in any case I'm deeply obliged to you. I'm a bookseller, and my place of business is in River Street, where I live with my daughter and my sister. When you're discharged from the hospital I shall be glad if you'll come and occupy the room of my assistant, with whom I've just parted. My sister and our good old servant will enjoy looking after you. You can't enlist just now. The doctor wouldn't pass you."

"You're very good," said Caradoc. "Thanks awfully; but I don't know—I should be in the way."

"Not at all," said Mr. Elsworthy quietly; "we all wish you to come, if you like to do so."

"Then I ought to tell you that I'm in disgrace with my father," said the young man abruptly.

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mr. Elsworthy. "But still, I hope you will come; I really can't take a refusal."

It seemed much odder to Caradoc to go on a visit to a country-town bookseller than to enlist as a private in a regiment of the line. He felt that the world was really topsy-turvy. But there was a broad reasonable kindness in Mr. Elsworthy's face which attracted him in spite of himself; besides that, he had no energy to make plans for himself. He was suddenly struck with himself as pitiable, a poor lonely sick fellow, without a friend in the world, with all the hopes and expectations of his life destroyed. He

found it difficult to speak, but he smiled and put out his hand. His visitor grasped it, and a sense of liking went with the grip.

"I suppose my bag was lost?" he said, trying to remember its contents.

"It is supposed that some missing articles fell into the canal, below the line," said Mr. Elsworthy. "I hope your bag contained nothing of value."

"No," said Caradoc, who was wondering if it contained anything by which his identity would be betrayed.

Mr. Elsworthy, after that kindly shake of the hand, took his leave and walked slowly back to his place of business in River Street.

Ashenhead was a clean, cheerful town of some importance, containing a large modernized grammar school, a fine old Priory Church, and a large button factory which afforded work for its inhabitants. It was situated in fresh hilly country on the borders of the highlands, and on its southern side flowed the river Kettle, which had its birth among the crags above Marsdale and passed Ashenhead close to its junction with the larger river in which it was merged not far from the sea. The hospital was up on the hillside, and the High Street led down hill towards River Street, where the houses were old and picturesque. Quaint gables and balconies hung over smart and modernized shop windows. "Elsworthy, Bookseller," inhabited one of the largest houses, and almost next door was a really fine old eighteenth-century house, over the pilastered door of which was inscribed "The Farington Library and Museum." Mr. Elsworthy passed through his shop, and by a side-door into the private house belonging to it. He opened the door of a long low room, where his daughter Elsie sat writing in the window. She looked up eagerly.

"Well—well, father?" she said, "and is Mr. Cross better?"

"Yes, Elsie, he is better. But he is not yet fit to go about his business, and he has accepted my offer of coming here for a time."

"Well," said Elsie, "I'm glad, and after what he did it was only right to ask him. But, papa, you will have to put it right with Aunt Sophy. I don't think she likes the idea."

As she spoke a little lady came into the room wearing the almost obsolete Quaker's costume, or as near an approach to it as any one on the riper side of middle-age could manage to assume.

She was a pretty little woman, with a round cheerful face and nice brown eyes which had a good deal of steadfastness in them.

"This poor youth, Charles Cross, is coming, Sophia," said Mr. Elsworth; "you must feed him up with your best broths and jellies."

"Thee knows very little about him, David," said Sophia, with an eloquent glance at her niece, who suppressed a smile.

"Thee must exercise thy best discretion," he said, using the speech to which he and his sister had been bred, though, as a rule, he had himself discarded it.

The Elsworthys were an offshoot of one of the most refined and cultivated families belonging to the Society of Friends. They had traditions belonging to the intellectual aristocracy of the earlier part of the century. David could show autograph letters and tell anecdotes, received from his father, of some of the greatest of great names. He had also inherited the habit of entertaining new thoughts, of quietly remaining outside of many popular prejudices; in short, he belonged to one of those minorities which keep alive intelligence and give consideration a chance in England.

He had adopted bookselling as one of the few callings which were in his youth open to a Friend, but he did not

altogether depend on his business for a livelihood, and his shop in River Street, Ashenhead, was something of a literary centre for the neighborhood. In the course of these literary connections he became acquainted with a barrister of a good Cornish family, named Treleven, who loved rare books, and whose daughter he married. Miss Treleven was a Church woman, and her daughter was brought up in the same form of faith, and, after her mother's death, visited freely among the Trelevens, so that her experiences were not bounded by the society of Ashenhead, where, however, Mr. Elsworth was welcome in many circles, to none of which he exactly belonged.

Elsie Elsworth knew, therefore, that there was more than one way of looking at life. She was a girl with some power of mind, intellectual tastes, and rather quiet ways and habits. She was a slender and delicately finished person with beautiful little ears, hands and feet, a pale skin and pretty features. Her hair was brown, soft and fine, and her hazel eyes were usually innocent and sincere.

But as the thoughts and feelings passed through Elsie's mind they reflected themselves in the clear young eyes and on her broad forehead—thoughts earnest, happy or perplexed passed like flashes of cloud and sunshine over her face, which nevertheless was a calm one, and indeed preserved its equanimity by a little half-satirical smile that frequently curved the corners of her mouth.

Elsie was not at all one of a crowd; she was a very individual person, with a good deal of observation, more reading and as much experience of life as any girl of twenty-two, with a white record of her own, and of those near to her, would be likely to acquire.

Such was the maiden who gave tea to "Charles Cross" and spoke to him with cordial kindness, full of grateful

acknowledgment, when he arrived from the hospital. But he, sick and weary, dazed with change and trouble, and with but one ideal of womanhood printed on his memory, only noticed that she was small and pale, and as he felt it necessary to remark to himself, "as good style as anybody else."

CHAPTER IV.

THE VACANT PLACE.

Two or three days after Caradoc Crosby quarrelled with his father and left his father's house, Edward Mason, the son of the present Lady Crosby by her first husband, came down from London, where as a young barrister he was waiting for briefs, for a visit to Cathrigg Hall.

He found his mother alone in her great gloomy drawing-room, and began eagerly to question her as to the late events of which she had only sent him a brief mention.

The drawing-room at Cathrigg was panelled with the blackest of old oak, great beams of the same divided the low ceiling into squares. The windows were sunk in deep recesses, only glimmers of twilight came through them to contend with the firelight which glittered pleasantly on Lady Crosby's tea-table and other little appointments. Some of the furniture was old enough to be interesting, most of it was only old enough to be shabby, and the knick-knacks were incongruous, and, like Lady Crosby herself, looked as if they were there by accident, and would have been more at home in the seaside villa from which they had been taken, when Sir Caradoc Crosby's yachting trip with a friend had ended in his second marriage.

Lady Crosby was a pretty little woman, fair and plump, nicely, though by no means expensively dressed; she had a kindly but rather dull face. Her son, who was also fair and short, had well-

cut, clean-shaven features, and more character in them than there was in his mother's.

"Well, mother," he said, as he took a cup of tea from her, "what's all this about? What has become of Crad? Surely some effort is being made to find him."

"I don't think Sir Caradoc wishes anything to be done, and I could not interfere."

"But how was it?"

Lady Crosby gave a short account of the quarrel and its cause.

"It's very sad," she said, in a sort of impartial way.

"But I don't see that Crad has done anything for which he ought to be banished. I don't want to say a word against Sir Caradoc, but he can't be a pleasant person to quarrel with. I like Crad; he's queer, and rather soft perhaps, but he's always behaved to me like a brick."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so, Edward. For I've often wondered if you felt that I did not consider you—"

"No, mother," said Edward, kindly. "I've never felt it. The Crosbys have always behaved well to me—all of them—even Sir Caradoc. And it's anything but a disadvantage to have this place behind you. It's a very different thing from a Bournemouth villa. Where's Vi?"

"Out of doors, I suppose. She hasn't said much about Caradoc."

"And so you didn't take her to the Northborough ball? Mother, you ought to send Viola to stay with the Tremadocks if you can't bring her out properly here. She's a very beautiful girl, and it's too bad to shut her up."

"My dear," said Lady Crosby, with some distress in her tone, "I wish to do my duty by Viola; but there is not the means to do these things. It's all I can do to keep things nice for the children, and soon Giles ought to go to school, and the little girls have a proper

governess. I can't afford to fit out Vi, and I don't see that her father can. I did manage to take the little ones to Whitby in the summer for a fortnight. That's all I could do."

"Well, they're jolly little kids," said Edward, "and the air here is so splendid they can't want much change."

Lady Crosby said nothing. She had the invaluable quality of silence when speech was useless. She did not like the air of Marsdale, nor did she enjoy its scenery, which she thought oppressive, but she was able to abstain from saying so. Perhaps some women might have made more efforts to mend matters at Cathrigg, might have done more good than she did; but very few would have increased the family friction so little.

"Mr. Quince came and talked to Sir Caradoc," she said, "but I don't think anything came of it."

"Mother, do you know what Quince Crosby's history is?"

"No. I never asked," said Lady Crosby. "We see very little of him."

Edward did not pay much attention to her, for Viola's firm, quick step sounded in the hall, and in a moment she came in.

"How d'ye do, Ned!" she said, in her grave, cool voice. "So you've come. Come out, it's not dark outside. You must look at Scunner Head and make your bow to it."

"Won't you have some tea, Viola?" said Lady Crosby.

"I'll take a piece of cake. The light will go," said Viola, drinking a cup of milk, and taking a substantial slice of cake in her hand. "Come, Ned."

Edward Mason followed her obediently. He had been a convenient big brother to her ever since she was ten and he was seventeen, and he was still her refuge and her confidant.

They went through the old black panelled hall out into the open park which came right up to the hall door; the gar-

dens were behind the house. The ground fell steeply down towards the river, and the rough grass was dotted here and there with gnarled old hawthorns and little stubby stunted oak trees; the higher ones just caught the light on their scanty russet leaves. Opposite, beneath a line of pale yellow sky, was the black frowning crag called Scunner Head. Above the daffodil light, purple clouds hung in a heavy mass.

There was an undersound of winds and waters, but birds and beasts had fallen into silence. The air was as fresh as if it had been newly created.

"Well, Ned," said Vi, as they walked towards a clump of rocks that had pushed through the turf near by, "you've heard, I suppose? If you'd been here, I expect you'd have caught Crad up somehow."

"I should certainly have tried," said Edward. "Where do you think he is?"

"Well—I thought, and Biddums thought, that he would have gone to York and enlisted in Quentin's regiment. But I think Uncle Quince has tried to find out, and he can't hear of him."

"It would have been very awkward for Quentin if he had."

"I can't see what he could do but enlist," said Viola. "Father said he might drown himself if he chose, but he'd never do that. I don't see how any one could. The other world would be dreadful."

"Only stupid people fail to realize that fact," said Edward. "No, Crad wouldn't drown himself. Perhaps he only went to stay with some friend, and we shall hear from him yet."

"I can't think how he could go away from here for good," said Viola. "I'm sure I couldn't live anywhere else. How one would want to know what old Scunner, or Swarth Fell, were thinking of every morning! Sometimes

I hate them, but I always turn to them."

"This is the young lady who can't read poetry!" ejaculated Edward.

"Poets always say things a little wrong," said Viola, "and then they aggravate me. But, Ned, I got you out here because I want you to go and talk to Uncle Quince and find out what he really thinks about Crad, and also about things generally, for I'm sure they're very bad. And then I want you to write to Quentin, and tell him exactly. You *can* tell things exactly, and he wouldn't attend to me."

"Well, Vi, he might think it wasn't my business."

"I'll tell you what," said Vi, "it's all very well to be afraid of interfering and keep your own skin whole; but it's a great deal better to set things straight, even if you *do* get a black look or two. Besides, you're just exactly the same as a brother to all of us, only you can keep out of the rows."

"I couldn't care more for Crad if he was my brother," answered Edward. "I'll go and see Mr. Quince, Vi, certainly."

"I wished rather," said Viola, changing the subject, "that mother could have taken me to the ball. She said we couldn't do it suitably. But if we *are* the Crosbys of Cathrigg, what does it matter if we wear shabby clothes. Do you think it does matter, Ned?"

"I should have thought you might have had a white frock," said Edward. "Why don't the Miss Tremaddocks ask you and take you out?"

"In a nasty watering-place," said Vi, disdainfully. "I never want to go away for a long visit. I can't think how the boys can exist away from here. That's one way in which I suppose you *are* different. The fells aren't quite your very own."

"I love the fells," said Edward, sin-

cerely. "I never forget them, Viola, wherever I am."

Edward Mason and his mother were people who could calculate on their own actions. They behaved, as a rule, as they meant to behave, and, if they did not feel as they meant to feel, it was in their power to speak as they meant to speak, or to be silent. They also, on different levels, had fair and impartial minds. Lady Crosby had decided on a policy of non-intervention, but Edward's nature was touched by a warmer kindness, his feelings were of another kind.

He was three years older than Quentin Crosby, more than five years older than Caradoc, and while he was still a boy something of the position of the oldest lad at home for the holidays naturally came to him.

He could not but take the lead. The care with which, as he grew older, he had defined his own status was almost thrown away on the Crosbys, who were as generous as they were heedless. Quentin and Crad often fell foul of him; but it was because he differed from them about the breeding of a dog, or the probability of a fine day, or because he did or did not admire the Prime Minister or the Commander-in-Chief, never because they thought he encroached on their rights as sons of Cathrigg Hall, while the three children made no distinction between their three big brothers. It will be seen, therefore, that matters might have been worse at Cathrigg. Sweet flowers as well as bitter herbs flourished there.

Sir Caradoc was not always a cruel father or an ungenial host. He was very far from being always an unkind husband. He was like the weather in his native dales, never to be calculated on—in moods, spirits or temper. He had promised his wife that her boy should be at home in Cathrigg Hall, and he expected him to grumble at the abundance of rabbits and the scarcity of

pheasants, as readily as Quentin or Caradoc; either of the three would get an equally short answer on such points, but Edward did not presume on his chances of a paternal snub.

But Sir Caradoc was now engaged in defying his own feelings and in silencing his conscience, occupations which tell on an irritable nature, and the sight of Edward Mason, prosperous and irreproachable, did not soothe him, nor did the whisky to which he had recourse after dinner. Good wine was scarce at Cathrigg, and Sir Caradoc did not like an inferior article.

Viola was angry with her father, and showed it by silence in his presence; Lady Crosby kept the conversation going on the weather, little scraps of current news, and the pictures and plays her son had seen in London. When Caradoc was at home, there were usually narrow escapes of rough verbal encounters, but even these were more cheerful than the sense of his absence. The eldest son, Quentin, had kept his family in order, and manners and *menu*s had alike been at their best in his presence. But Quentin was helping to keep Afghan tribes in order far away, and Caradoc—was not.

But the master of the house either accepted or defied the situation.

"I don't know if you'll find any pheasants, Ned;" he said, drawing up his tall figure, and fixing his handsome, fierce blue eyes on his step-son, "but they're all your own, make the best of them. There may be a few grouse, too."

"Thank you, sir. But aren't you shooting yourself?"

"No—too rheumatic," said Sir Caradoc. "Right shoulder no good."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Edward. "I'm due in London in a few days time. But I'll see what I can find first."

Edward knew very well that the game had been left entirely to nature, and that whatever could be said for or

against game preserving did not apply to Marsdale, where there was none. He was not himself a very keen sportsman; but could shoot in the capable fashion in which he did everything, and, as he told his mother, he owed the freedom of all that side of life to his connection with the Crosbys.

The next morning was crisp and fine, and he set off on his walk to Greenhead Howe, with a full and critical enjoyment of the crags, the rivers and the sparkling lake. He was not swayed and stirred by them, they left his pulses calm; but as he told Viola, he did love them. Wherever he might go they were his life-long friends.

Edward had never been intimate with "Mr. Quince," who had kept him in some impalpable way at a distance; but the recluse was always civil. He came forward from superintending the luncheon of some fat "Marsdale" pupies, who were tumbling over a dish at the front door.

"Ha, Mason? So you've come down. I heard you were expected."

"Yes. I came for a few days before going back to town. I've been in the Tyrol with a friend."

"Seen anything to beat Scunner Head?"

"No; in its own line I don't think I have. Viola asked me to come and see you, sir."

"Ah! Poor Vi! She's in trouble?"

"Yes. I wish I could 'help her in the trouble. I hope, sir, you won't think I'm interfering, but Crad and I are thorough good friends, as you know."

"I know," said Quentin. "Sit down, Ned, I don't see daylight. The lad went, as you may say, mad for twenty-four hours, and you know how much my brother thinks of consequences when his blood is up?"

"Do you think Crad has enlisted?" said Edward, as they sat down on a stone bench in front of the house.

"Not at York, but I don't see what else he could do. He has played the fool; but there's no barrier between him and—others. There's nothing behind—in his case."

"What do you think of an advertisement in two or three of the papers? 'Return open. Write to E. M.' and the date of his disappearance?"

"I think it's a good notion," said Quince, briefly. "Do it, and say nothing about it. Here's the wherewithal. 'Marsdales' are catching on."

He opened his purse and gave Edward a five pound note, which the young man knew better than to refuse.

"Viola wished me to talk to you and to write to Quentin," he said, "and tell him about everything. But that seems to me for you to do if for any one."

"No. Quentin isn't made quite like the rest. He knows that he can never live at Cathrigg. It'll all go, Mason, when my brother goes, there's no help for that."

"I'd keep it somehow, if I were Quentin," said Edward, quietly.

"Would you? No, you wouldn't. Quentin means to live for himself and not for the land. He won't take up the burden of it. He knows the weight. But you had better tell him about Crad. It's hard on Quentin—very. He don't like his father—how should he? He won't bury himself in Marsdale—and Crad will go under. Well, do the best you can. You're a good sort, Edward, and I'm aware that Lady Crosby has done a great deal for my brother. Come in, won't you? Those little chaps are going to sell well. Get out, you beggars, and don't gnaw a visitor's shoe leather."

The Sunday Magazine.

(To be continued.)

Edward was more struck by Mr. Quince's subdued cordiality, than by any one else's words. It seemed to him as if the spirit of resistance had failed, and misfortune was regarded as inevitable. It was quite a relief when old Biddums, who regarded him as an interloper with the most interested views, had never tolerated Lady Crosby, and only softened reluctantly to the children, was stiffer and more respectful to him than ever, never smiling when he complimented her on the fatness of the puppies, and altogether refusing to regard him as a member of the family.

Edward went back to Cathrigg with a sad heart. Mr. Quince had given him one last word *apropos* of nothing.

"My brother's health isn't what it used to be," he said, and Edward sighed over the coming shipwreck of a cargo that was none of his.

He, his mother, and in a measure his little half-brothers and sisters, would find other homes and good or bad fortunes open to them; but it grieved Edward to think that the wild winds would whistle over Cathrigg and Scunner Head and make no echoes in the wild hearts which lived there.

He did not believe that Quentin would cast off his inheritance. And Viola?

Well, the best thing for her was to go and stay with the Miss Tremadocks, and, as his mother said, "have chances."

Edward became suddenly aware that he hated those "chances," from the bottom of his heart.

Christabel Coleridge.

CONCERNING FAVORITES.

Every one knows the Lubbock library of the "Hundred Best Books." Lord Avebury, in an improving mood, sat down to draw up a list of the aristocrats of literature. Not otherwise, one is fain to believe, does the proper functionary of State compose his list of guests to be invited to a Court concert or ball. Certain books, like certain people, are *hoffähig*, as the Germans say—they have the *entrée* conferred by privilege of birth or wealth. But as well might the lover of human kind select his friends by their precedence in Burke as the lover of books fill his shelves with Lord Avebury's elect. A Lubbock library composed of Lord Avebury's real favorites in literature would be a house-party worth entertainment. The banker who invented bank holidays, the entomologist who studies "the pleasures of life," is a man whose taste in reading might extend the limited horizon of the majority of his fellows. But I suspect that not many of the "hundred best books" are invited to a seat by his hearth.

Most of us conceal our favorites, sometimes to deceive ourselves, more often in order to delude others. This habit, whether wilful or self-conscious, accounts for the otherwise notable fact that there is only one anthology of lyric verse which is satisfactory to most readers. The difficulty is that, except with a few giants of intellect, the greatest authors are seldom the favorite authors. The reader who should claim the Lubbock library as his pet collection of tame books would be a hundred times a giant. Mr. Gladstone made a pet of Homer (a German scholar once assured me that "his Homerizing was as weak as his Home Rule"), but even Mr. Gladstone's powers would

have shrunk from adding the rest of the ninety-nine to his nursery of foster-children. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is true of all kinds of culture.

Our real favorites in literature are the writers who come nearest to expressing our most private hopes, joys and fears. There is a passage in Mr. Anstey's "Giant's Robe" (a favorite of my own, by the way) in which Mark Ashburn, when his friend is reported dead, "began to read 'In Memoriam' again, with the idea of making that the key-note of his emotions, but the passionate yearning of that lament was pitched too high for him, and he never finished it." There we have the truth of the matter. Our favorites in literature are the writers who strike the keynote of our own emotions, and most of us, if cross-examined on oath, would agree with a candid lady of my acquaintance that Shakespeare and Milton and the rest of the "best books" are pitched too high for common needs. It was in an omnibus the other day that I heard a superior shop-assistant assure the pretty girl in his company that Goethe was his favorite author. The girl valiantly struggled to rise to the height of that confession: "Yes, he reminds me of Hall Caine," was her timid reply, and criticism paused agape. The conversation was continued on stilts, and tags of University Extensionism were scattered on the floor of the omnibus. It may or may not be a good thing to encourage this novel kind of love-making by itinerant lecturers on the humanities, but my shop-assistant was plainly the victim of his own vanity in claiming Goethe as his pet. He could repeat *why* Goethe was great, he had never *felt* the poet's greatness; in his business of selling yards of tape

he had never had the Devil for a customer.

Meanwhile, we are generally content to judge by the shop-assistant's standard. Shakespeare is the greatest writer, therefore Shakespeare is our favorite; Ibsen is greater than Shakespeare, therefore let Ibsen reign instead. But an investigation honestly conducted to a perfectly truthful end would reveal very different results. Only one who did not care at all would have the courage to tell the truth. For the inquisition of the income-tax collector is a mild domiciliary visit compared with the effort of candor required to satisfy the seeker for the favorites of literature. The bookshelves of our dearest friends, honorable men *ex hypothesi*, are corrupt and venal at this point. I know a man whose taste in letters is above reproach, and whose library displays the standard authors, for use rather than for show, reinforced by a choice collection from the byways of bookland, both ancient and modern. But he knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that his favorite reading in poetry is the work of a comparatively unknown writer, whose slim volume he hides in a dark corner of his bookshelves, opening it seldom because he has the contents by heart, and whose name, if it occurs in conversation, he conscientiously runs down. He knows, and I know, and he knows that I know, that the verses in question are too intimate and near to him, too literal a transcript of feelings that are not public property. To confess their appeal to him would be to invite the daws. His critical faculty is awake to their imperfection as great poetry; his preference for them is independent of his trained appreciation of true distinction in literature. They belong to the individual which perishes, and not to the universal which survives.

Happy they whose taste and experience are conjugated in the categorical

imperative, who can truthfully assert that in the works of the greatest writers they strike the key of their own emotions. The man does not live who can claim the "hundred best books" as his favorites, but even on lower planes of feeling there are moods that thrill at the right moments—moods of moral elevation, which respond to Bacon in the "Essays," moods of austerity dissolved in joy to which we can rise with Wordsworth, spacious moods for the seventeenth century, modish moods for the eighteenth, Attic moods and Augustan. But each of us, we may surmise, has his secret book in its hiding place, in which his personal experience finds express consolation in language that his own lips could not mould, and hence we adopt my shop-assistant's schedule, and return a conventional favorite when the interrogation becomes too inquisitive.

And this leads to two conclusions; or, rather, to one conclusion with two faces. There is no more illusory adage in all the contradictory resources of proverbial philosophy than the prohibition to quarrel about tastes. Justice, not taste, is wanted in dealing with literary excellence. When the two coincide we shall get the Aristides of letters, and can shut him up with the "hundred best books." Meantime, let us go on quarrelling about tastes, as men have quarrelled since speech began, for no better guide has been invented to the mutual understanding of character. But through our quarrel let us remember that taste and judgment are two things, of which the first is a question of instinct and the second of training. So that—to conclude the conclusion—the superior people who declare that English literature should not be taught because it spoils the taste for reading English, or that the best books should win their own way to the affection of commonplace readers, are preaching foolishness and blindness. It

is with books, as with men; we make friends by sympathy, not by judgment. Most of us cannot "live up to" the few great men or women of our acquaintance. We admire or revere them from afar, but we put off the burden of their liking because of the demands that it would make on us. We call them easily "remote," or "lacking humanity," or "unnatural," because the air of their table-lands of prospect strikes cold on our own dinner-table lands. Yet if we are not wholly material, if our judgment is trained to appreciate them, we watch their passage with a sigh.

We, too, like the child in Mrs. Meynell's verses, have stood at the parting of the ways, but most of us, unlike him, have chosen the "river'd meadow-land":—

To the mountain leads my way. If
the plains are green to-day,
These my barren hills are flushing
faintly, strangely, in the May,
With the presence of the spring among
the smallest flowers that grow.
But the summer in the snow?

And to the majority that question decides the issue. We shirk the summer in the snow, and when they who tread the heights come down to our own

snug valley the doom of the child overtakes them:—

And if e'er you should come down to
the village or the town,
With the cold rain for your garland,
and the wind for your renown,
You will stand upon the thresholds
with a face of dumb desire,
Nor be known by any fire.

So it is with the excellent books. Unless we consciously choose to spend our summer in the snow, we shall never appreciate them at their right worth. It is we, not they, who are "unnatural" and "remote"—we with our broken sentences and our half-formed ideas, we who are content to know only the surface of things, who speak and act without once realizing the truth that, behind our daily occupation, beyond the business of the market and the pleasure of the circus, there lies an unexplored world of beauty and truth, a world of complete satisfaction for the highest human capacity, a world from which to derive courage and hope and faith to help us in this world we live in. To leave the choice of good books to the untrained instinct of the child, to deny that literature is teachable, is to set a cockney on the Alps without a guide.

Laurie Magnus.

The Academy.

THE STORY OF JEREMY BOYSE.

"These pencil marks are most objectionable," said Jeremy Boyse.

The little bookseller readjusted his spectacles, and, taking up a small brown volume from a confused heap upon the counter, scanned the pages with an indulgent eye.

"Not so much scribbling in this one," he remarked after a pause. "Maybe

the gentleman cooled off a bit before ever he got to the second volume. I've seen that happen in second-hand literature heaps of times. It's what I call a sign of desultory learning. And the scribblings and underlinings are often put in just to look grand and scholarly. That's another thing we get to know by observation. Second-hand

books are a sort of indication of character, Mr. Boyse, when a man has a little insight in reading them."

Jeremy Boyse stood under a flickering gas lamp which cast unflattering lights and ghostly shadows upon the sombre, accumulated books. A small, slightly-built figure, stooping with the weight of years and sedentary occupation, clad in a shabby overcoat and hugging an umbrella whose handle had gone astray, his appearance at the first glance was lacking in distinction. But upon closer acquaintance a certain charm, apart from mere natural comeliness of feature, became apparent. The face was intellectual, sensitive—the transparent index of passing emotions. It habitually reflected the finer grades of thought and feeling; occasionally the reverse.

"They are certainly neat little volumes," he observed, surveying the two brown books with satisfaction; "and I dare say I am fortunate in getting them second-hand. 'The Colloquies of Erasmus' are not so often seen as one might expect, considering what delightful reading they afford. I will take them with me, if you please, Mr. Barlow."

Then he began to poke about here and there among the miscellaneous literature, while the bookseller turned away to take up the thread of an interrupted conversation with a man who had remained standing by the door.

During a casual excursion into unfamiliar pages, Jeremy Boyse was somewhat distracted by the dialogue, which was easily overheard. He turned round after a few minutes and surveyed the stranger curiously. He was a man of middle age, well-dressed and pleasant-mannered, and he was speaking in an easy and confident tone.

"Of course," he said, addressing Mr. Barlow, "for a man like yourself, who has but little to invest and that little

the result of careful savings, it is essential to thoroughly examine the security. And there are so many sharks about nowadays, a man can't be too careful. However, I have given you my opinion of this affair for what it is worth. I consider it a perfectly sound thing. And five per cent. at the present time is of course—"

"Destruction," said Jeremy Boyse.

Both men looked round quickly and saw the speaker peering at them over his spectacles, his head shaking slowly from side to side.

"Ah!" said the little bookseller, laughing; "that's just your dark way of looking at things, Mr. Boyse. I know you don't consider anything over two and a half per cent. worth a farthing. But then people have got to live; that's what I say."

"If I have said it before, Mr. Barlow, I repeat it again," said Jeremy Boyse; "two and a half per cent. is all that reasonable people ought to expect or can get with safety."

"Oh! come now," observed the stranger, good-humoredly, "that limits things rather, doesn't it? I am a business man myself, you know—a man of weights and measures; and I don't go in for risks and speculations and that sort of thing, but I like to get a decent value for my money. Why, there are some of the Inscribed Stocks, three and a half per cent. They are all right. Then there are the Indian—"

But Jeremy Boyse was shaking his head again with a slow, courteous gesture of disapproval.

"India is not like our own country," he said, "and the security cannot be the same. It is impossible."

"Then I suppose you yourself stick to Consols," remarked the stranger, noting the overcoat and umbrella as he spoke.

"I do not invest at all," was the quiet reply. "My money is in the Bank. I believe it is safe there. I once had an

unfortunate experience which made me afraid of investing."

He took off his spectacles, wiped them and put them away. Then he looked up again. The large, intelligent eyes were full of a kindly graciousness; the manner had a dignified simplicity all its own.

"With the best intentions," he continued, "a friend advised me to invest in an oyster company years ago. I did so, but only two hundred pounds, which I lost the following year. It was a curious thing, for I believe there was nothing really wrong with the company. It was simply that that year there were no oysters. Every one knew it. It was a great misfortune that there were none. So I lost my money, and ever since then I have really been afraid to invest. That was my experience. But I don't know why I should have troubled you with it, I am sure. Anyhow, I hope that you may both be more fortunate. Good-evening, Mr. Barlow. Good-evening."

And with a little bow to each of them he disappeared.

The bookseller's friend brought his hand down suddenly upon a stack of sermons, thereby evolving a cloud of dust and a faint odor of tobacco. Then he laughed until he cried.

"Who on earth is he?" he gasped; "and what is he? I never saw such a character in my life. And to think that 'there were no oysters!' Now, if he had only bought them retail!"

"To tell the truth, I know no more than you do, Mr. Frampton," said the bookseller, "as to what he was. It's clear that he has got some sort of pension. I fancy it was something under Government, for he's a real gentleman for all his cranks. Very useful chap, too. Buys up the mouldy old classics that I'm glad to get rid of. But a character. Oh! there's no doubt about that."

"Well, such a chap as that is to a

banker what the Great Auk is to a naturalist," observed Mr. Frampton, as he too prepared to depart, "a *rara avis*, if there ever was one. No, by Jove; I shan't forget him easily."

A short walk across the noisy London thoroughfare into tributary streets of comparative gloom and silence brought Jeremy Boyse to his home. He produced a latch-key and entered quietly. From a door within, a young girl at that moment stepped into the hall and came towards him.

"Ah! Mr. Boyse," she said brightly; "we were just saying that it was later for you than usual."

He acknowledged her greeting with his customary politeness, and placed his hat and stick in a familiar place near the door.

"I had occasion to call at the bookseller's," he answered, "and I was delayed a few moments there."

"There is some one waiting," said the girl in a lower tone, "in your room. She has been there since four. Mother told her she had best call again, but she begged to stay, and she seemed all right and—like a lady. So she is there."

"Really! I have no idea—" he began pleasantly; then, as an alarming thought occurred to him, "I trust it is not a begging lady. Such people are so very—embarrassing. Thank you. I will go and see."

The light from one hanging gas lamp fell full upon him as he entered. It also threw into soft relief the details of the plainly-furnished room—the bureau with its scattered books and papers, the old arm-chair, the table spread for tea. Just beyond, in the shadow, a tall woman in black was standing. Then she came towards him slowly. The veil thrown back from her bonnet revealed the pale, delicately chiselled features of a face long past its youth.

Jeremy Boyse stood still. His fingers, mechanically straying towards the pocket of his coat, were trembling slightly.

"Jeremy," said the woman in a soft voice distinguished by a slight foreign intonation; "it is Marion—come back."

"Ah!" With an uncertain movement he caught the edge of the arm-chair, pulled it towards him and sat down. In a hapless moment, as it seemed, had the unexpected come upon him; his physical energy failed before it; he sat bent and speechless—a frail, old man.

The woman went and stood beside him. "So many years," she said dreamily; "and perhaps you have almost forgotten. Why, there has been time to forget everything, even our youth."

"Sit down and tell me—what has happened," said Jeremy Boyse.

The gentle dignity of self-possession had returned to him; he rose and placed a chair for her beside his own.

"Just one thing," said the woman quietly, averting her eyes as she spoke. "What else could it be? Two months ago my husband died—in Melbourne."

There was silence. The clock upon the mantelpiece struck five in a thin, cracked voice, and the sound died away in slow vibrations. Then the speaker continued in the same even tone:

"We had lived there, you know, for the last ten years. Things were not very prosperous. I don't think he was ever a very lucky man, somehow. He had lost a lot of money by speculation before he died. I think it worried him. He was ill for some months. I nursed him myself all the time; and then afterwards—I paid all the debts and things with the money he left. It wasn't very much; and directly I could, I came home. That is all, Jeremy."

"You came home." He echoed the words with a gentle, half-wondering inflexion. "Does that mean, then, that after all this time the old associations are the strongest?"

"It means that my probation is ended," she answered simply. "I gave all I could—my duty always, sympathy when it was possible. So the years passed on. You can't be really unhappy when your life fills up like that, and people give you their best, even though it is a second best to you. Only, when it was ended, I felt a great longing to come back to my own country, and so I came. Then I got your address from Mr. Arnold—yesterday."

"You have some great qualities, Marion," said Jeremy Boyse. He sat with his face averted from her, and fingers absently patting one knee where a little ragged hole in his trousers worried him. In reality his thoughts were recalling the emotions of a distant time, but he could not lightly give them utterance.

"Tell me about yourself now," said the quiet voice; and he turned and glanced round the room with a smile.

"It speaks for me," he answered, "You see those books, these papers, the slippers, the pipe. Doesn't this all tell you what an old fogey I have grown?"

She looked at him as he was speaking; but Love, the transfiguring angel, showed her not the bent, enfeebled figure, but rather the lover of her youth.

"No," she said; "you are just the same, Jeremy."

He laughed with a hint of bitterness.

"Does a man remain crystallized because his life is incomplete? One has to develop somehow. I have got on well enough, no doubt, as far as that goes—as well as most men; and now at last I am free to enjoy Life in the way most suited to me. But we missed the supreme gift, you and I. Nothing can alter that."

The woman slipped her hand into his own.

"But the sacrifice lies behind us," she said softly.

The realization of a desire once keen-

ly cherished, which the years have gradually annihilated, is a not unfamiliar aspect of the "irony of fate." Thus had it frequently happened with the fortunes of Jeremy Boyse; thus did it happen now. The woman for love of whom in his early manhood no sacrifice would have been reckoned great, and whose compulsory marriage plunged him for some years into an abyss of resentful gloom, had come with some semblance of intrusion into these later, peaceful days. He had outgrown the need of her. The memory, all tender and beautiful, was laid to rest in the sanctuary of his inner life; it seemed wanton, nay, brutal, to disturb it.

But the disturbance had been wrought—by Destiny; and now the upheaval of his daily life and habits was about to follow. It was characteristic of his simple, unworldly attitude that he did not for a moment hesitate as to the course he should pursue. That he should marry his first love after their separation of thirty years seemed to him natural and inevitable; the more so as she had come back unchanged in all essentials from the loyal-hearted, self-sacrificing woman he had known. With a feeling akin to shame he recognized these qualities; remembered the sacrifice which had saved her father's honor; recalled the agony and conflict of those difficult, dark days. And now she had returned with loyalty unshaken, and it never apparently occurred to her to question his own. Evidently, then, for him there was but one course possible. He must accept it with all the reasonable sobriety becoming to his years.

And indeed, as their comradeship widened, he began to appreciate its influence, and to turn more willingly from the books which had become the companions of his solitude to the daily intercourse with a refined and not ill-cultivated mind. It was not until two

months had passed that a little "rift within the lute" made itself apparent. They were sitting together in his little parlor one day, towards the end of January, when she made a sudden and, as it seemed, ill-timed observation.

"Jeremy," she said, "why don't you invest your money?"

"I thought I had made it clear to you before," he answered, "that I did not like investments. I prefer to keep it where it is."

"But don't you think that is rather a mistake now?" she said gently. "You see, we have really so very little between us. My sixty pounds a year won't go far, and you have only your pension, and that is barely sufficient for two. Besides, even as you are, you could spend more money with comfort. I don't quite see how we are to live, dear, unless you take that little nest-egg—how much is it?—two thousand pounds?—and do something with it. What was the use of saving it all these years if it is to do nobody any good after all?"

"Up to the present time, I repeat that I have had no use for it," he said stiffly; "but of course, as you remind me, the circumstances are now very different. Still, I should have thought that with economy my present income would have been sufficient for us. But you probably dislike economy. You were, of course, accustomed to wealth and—"

The sentence died in indistinct murmurings.

"The wealth soon departed," she answered smiling. "Five years after my marriage my husband was as poor as he had been rich. You must not think that I am extravagant, Jeremy. It only seems to me so silly to have money lying idle when we need it, that is all."

He made a little grab at what appeared to be a fragment of some fluffy material upon his knee, but immediate-

ly patted it down again. It was only the frayed edge of that exasperating little hole, which he had frequently tried to pick up before, with a sense of irritation. On this occasion, however, it produced an opposite effect; he reflected that a woman's supervision of his wardrobe might be desirable.

"If I invest the money, it will be in Consols," he said, after a pause; "but they are so high. We want a European war," he added lightly.

His companion raised her eyebrows with a little smile.

"Well, you must do as you think best, dear," she answered. "Of course Consols are very safe and comfortable, but I should have thought that there were other things that would pay you far better. I was speaking upon this very subject with your friend, the bookseller, yesterday. He told me that he had lately made an excellent investment in a company which had already paid him a good dividend and bonus, and the shares were going higher every day. He said he should be very glad to tell you all the particulars, but he thought that since the smash of that oyster company you had been afraid to do anything at all."

"Do I understand," said Jeremy Boyse in an accent of frigid displeasure, "that you were discussing my affairs with a person—almost a stranger to you—who could not be expected to have any intelligent comprehension of these matters? I—really, I cannot understand your freedom with such people. It may be colonial, but it is certainly not—not desirable from any point of view."

He rose and walked to the bureau, where for some moments he shifted and disarranged the papers with a purposeless hand. His annoyance was clearly visible.

"But you see you had already told Mr. Barlow about the oyster company," said Marion Hargreaves; "and after all

I told him nothing that he did not know before. So it is all right, Jeremy."

She smiled as she spoke. An imperceptible good humor was part of the natural equipment of her long-enduring, steadfast soul. To her the whole circumstance seemed too commonplace to call for argument. Her calmer temperament rendered her quite incapable of comprehending a different point of view.

But to Jeremy Boyse the incident brought more than a mere passing irritation. A throng of morbid susceptibilities and suspicions hitherto held in the leash by a counter influence now leapt up unrestrained. In the still hours of the evening, pacing up and down his room, in which no light but that of the street lamps and the stars had found admittance, he reviewed the situation critically—reviewed also the content of the slow, monotonous years; their gradual accumulation of thoughts and interests and habits which had grown about him and possessed him, and were now indeed as essential a part of his being as the bark of a tree. He said to himself—for in self-examination he still preserved a simple candor—that the saving of a considerable sum of money had certainly been one of the chief interests of his life. He did not care about the money for its own sake, but he liked to feel that it was his—the result of honest work and thrift and numberless economies which had become a second nature to him at last. He realized now with a bitter pang what marriage would demand of him. He would be expected to spend money upon trivial details in which he had no pleasure; his simple meals—and he asked for nothing better—would be considered mean, and his whole habit of existence inadequate. And it was in order to bring about changes wholly repugnant to him that he was asked to invest his savings. The spirit of

rebellion was strong within him. Why should he do this thing? Again, the recent conversation harassed his memory. That his affianced wife should show such an evident desire to have the money invested struck him in a new and unpleasant light. It was clear that she wanted the money, and consideration for his own feelings in the matter would have no weight. To a man who for forty years had known no thwarting save from the insuperable hand of Fate, this reflection was also unwelcome to the last degree. He stopped in his walk, and, standing before the uncurtained window, looked out into the night. In the street all was silent; above, in the dark heaven, the tender edge of the earth's pale satellite shone, crescent-wise, among the stars. Just so from this little casement had he watched it year by year; thought over again the poet's thoughts; nerved his intelligence to meet all that knowledge could declare and ignorance conjecture. Just so, year by year. And thus had he wished to remain; thus would he have remained, but for this unlooked-for change. Surely it was too late now to conform to it; he was too old—too old.

The night wore on, and a thought was born of this perplexity. Why, after all, had this marriage seemed so incumbent upon him? It was the love and loyalty of the woman which had as it were shamed him into professing a constancy equal to her own, while memories of their impassioned youth still clung to him. But there was clearly no reason why they should marry at all. This calm, gray woman, with her gentle, undemonstrative ways, had, like himself, outgrown the buoyancy of youth and its illusions. It was evident that the practical aspect of things was her chief consideration. She cared for the comforts and luxuries of life, while he cared for none of them. His

mind, still biased by recent displeasure, magnified this difference and its results until it seemed to him that, under the circumstances, marriage would be wholly impracticable.

But the solution of the matter did not rest here. It was also clear to him that for a gift so faithfully bestowed some acknowledgment was due. If he did not marry her, he must at least enable her to go her way with comfort. A smaller sacrifice must still be made to save the greater. The decision involved a struggle, but of the issue there was no doubt. He would never do a thing by halves.

In the twilight of the following day, Marlon Hargreaves, looking up from a book which she was holding, saw the figure of Jeremy Boyse passing quickly by the bookseller's door. She stepped across the shop and looked after him, but the gray mist had already hidden him from view. Then she returned to the counter and met Mr. Barlow's enquiring gaze with a smile.

"Mr. Boyse has just gone past," she said. "I did not try to stop him, as he seemed in a hurry. It is not often, I should think, that he passes your door without entering?"

"No, indeed; a good customer," said Mr. Barlow affably; "and has an excellent good taste in books."

"Well, I think I may safely take this volume of Macaulay," she said, after a pause. "I know he wanted it, for I heard him say so. Thank you; I will take it with me now."

The little bookseller with deft fingers encased the well-worn volume in paper and string.

"Must be a pleasure for the poor old gentleman to have some one to look after him a bit," he observed; "especially one as takes an interest in his ways. It's a bad thing, too, for people to get too solitary; it gives them cranks and fancies."

"Undoubtedly," she answered, laughing, as she took the book in her hand. "Our social instincts are not to be disregarded. Good-evening, Mr. Barlow."

The bookseller remained for a few minutes in the same place, rearranging a pile of odd volumes, and talking to himself at intervals the while.

"Poor old gentleman! Talk about cranks, indeed! A man who sits with a pile in the Bank and never sees a farthing of it! Those damned oysters must just have got upon his brain."

"What's that you are saying, Thomas?" asked Mrs. Barlow, entering the shop at that moment by the private door.

"I was reflecting, Louisa," said the bookseller in an altered tone, "how easily people's minds go wrong in the practical things of life."

It was raining heavily as Marion Hargreaves reached her lodging, and the somewhat flimsy protection of a thin mackintosh did not shelter her from the wet and chilly air. On the following day she had proposed to take the book to Jeremy, but a severe cold and the continued rain prevented her. It was not until the sixth day that she was free to start upon her errand. At the door of his house she knocked and rang for admittance, stepping back for a moment to peep, if possible, into the little parlor, whose window faced the street. Her tranquil features were aglow with a pleasurable anticipation. She had kept her present back until to-day that she might herself enjoy his pleasure; and during the six days that she had not seen him she had accumulated quite a little treasury of subjects, too manifold for correspondence, but eager to be dealt with by word of mouth. She was kept waiting longer than usual on the doorstep. Then the door opened—slowly.

Something had happened. That she saw at once from the woman's har-

assed face. Calmly, as one accustomed to emergencies, she followed her in, through the hall, into the sitting-room, where all was quiet and undisturbed. The books and pipe lay upon the table as usual, but their owner was not there. They had found him at an early hour that morning in his accustomed chair—his arms stretched out upon the book before him, his head fallen forward upon his hands. In this very manner he had once expressed the wish that Death might come to him; the landlady remembered it with tears. There seemed to have been no previous illness—no hint of danger close at hand. Only a few days past he had appeared to be a little worried and irritable. Some business matter had been transacted; he had called two witnesses to sign a paper for him on the previous afternoon.

With bowed head Marion Hargreaves listened to the narrative, her hand resting upon a little open volume which remained just as he had left it a few hours ago.

Mechanically her eyes followed a passage recently underlined in pencil:—

Port after stormie seas, . . .
Ease after warre, death after life, doth
greatly please.

Then, closing the book carefully, she took it under her arm.

In a quiet corner of a London cemetery an inconspicuous headstone bore the record of Jeremy Boyse. And day by day the woman who had loved him brought to the graveside a little passing sacrament of flowers and tender thoughts and tears. She knew now that just before his death he had bought her an annuity with all the money that he had to spare, and she accepted the act in all its strangeness with a deep though wondering gratitude. But of the real motive and its pathos

she knew nothing; that also lay buried beyond her ken. Only the sure and peaceful memory of an unchanged love remained with her.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

Surely we should cherish our illusions. Without them, which of us could stand unblinking in the cold daylight of Reality?

Edith Gray Wheelwright.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Preparations are already in progress in France for a national commemoration of the elder Dumas, who was born July 24, 1802.

The spring lists of the great English publishing houses are noticeably lean. Experience has taught them that the reading public can assimilate only one thing at a time, and the coronation absorbs attention to such an extent as to make large publishing ventures precarious.

"The Academy" makes the somewhat enigmatical announcement that during the summer Mr. George Meredith's "Egoist," dramatized by Mr. Sutro and revised by Mr. Meredith himself, will be produced at a London theatre, but that it is improbable that the general public will be able to gain admission to the performances.

Boston, during the period of British occupancy, is the scene of Charles Johnson Noyes's romance, entitled "Patriot and Tory," which Henry A. Dickerman & Son publish. The heroine is the daughter of a rich Tory sympathizer, and her two lovers are in the two opposing armies. The story was evidently written with genuine enthusiasm for the struggles it describes, and the young people who read it will find it both wholesome and instructive.

The little volume of "Shakespearian Synopses," by J. Walker McSpadden, which Thomas Y. Crowell & Co publish

in their "Handy Information Series," contains the outline, by acts, of each of Shakespeare's plays. Written without attempt at literary style, it aims to put a condensation of the narrative at the service of any one wishing to acquaint himself with it hurriedly or to refresh his recollection of it, and it is well adapted to its purpose.

The characteristic which distinguishes Mr. H. G. Wells's "Anticipations" so sharply from most of the forecasts which have caught the public attention during the last fifteen or twenty years is suggested in its sub-title: "Of the Reaction of Mechanical and Scientific Progress Upon Human Life and Thought." Taking not ideals but achievements as its starting-point and discussing in its opening pages the effect of improved means of locomotion on trade and the distribution of population, the book has throughout a concrete quality which enhances at once its attractiveness and plausibility. Of the occupations, arts, classes, domestic life, democracy, war, language, ethics and religion of the twentieth century Mr. Wells writes clearly and boldly, with a knowledge of practical detail, a play of caustic wit and an adroit use of epithet which make his book piquant reading even for those who differ widely from his conclusions. "Written to provoke," as its writer frankly professes, it is sure to be severely criticized, but its brilliancy is undeniable. Harper & Bros.

HAYMAKING.

Lucy and I are afield in the glow of our
Midsummer morning;
Lucy and I are at ease under the
hazels at noon;
Lucy and I go home long after the rose
of the sunset
Darkens to purple and gray, dries in
the light of the moon.
For it is haymaking time, and every
one hastens to the meadows
Prompt with a helpful hand, eager at
least to be there;
All our village are there, and the per-
fumed breath of the windrows
Blows from the rudest lips snatches
of laughter and song.
See you this laboring team, that moves
o'er the crest of the upland,
Down where yon snug white farm,
low in the heart of the vale,
Looks towards the far-off hills and the
great clouds marching above
them?
These are her father's fields, these
are the meadows I love.
Here, while the little ones watch, and
the lads and the bonny brown
lasses
Scatter the fragrant grass over each
other at play,
Lucy and I, above all, for true love is
fellow to labor,
Find in the work of our hands plea-
sures as pure as the day.
Lucy aloft on the wain, with the hay-
floods rising about her,
Masters each mounting wave, spreads
it and smooths it around;
Till from her settled throne, from the
level and perfected summit,
Pausing awhile to gaze timidly over
the edge,
She in a trice slips down by the well-
comb'd walls of the wagon
Into my arms, and I lead her at
length to the farm.
Sweet is the full farmyard, for the
creatures she loves are within it;
Sweet is the green little garth where
she sits milking at eve;
Sweet shall the hayricks be, for Lucy
will help me to make them,
Not with her strength alone, but with
the charm of her eyes;
Sweeter than all is herself; a ceaseless,
wonderful sunlight

Dwells on her face all day, dwells on
the deeps of her hair;
Shining, I think, unawares; for she is
what Nature has made her,
Fresh with the freedom of youth,
fearless and pure as a child.
Ah, if I win her at last, there will not
be aught of deserving;
She has a treasure to give more than
I dare to demand;
She will come down to my heart as a
lark drops out of the heaven
Into its homely nest, low in the whis-
pering corn.

Arthur Munby.

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tide of a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin.
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

Professor Carruth.

